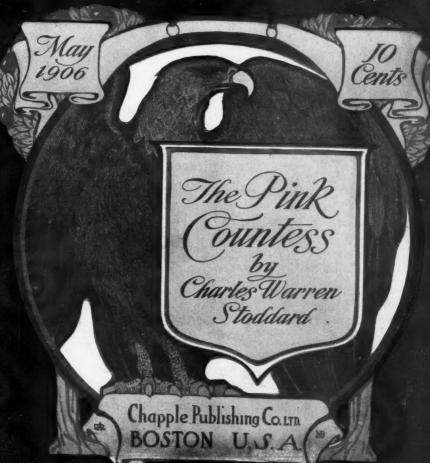
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by In militable Thapple



SUGGESTING THE SPEED WITH WHICH

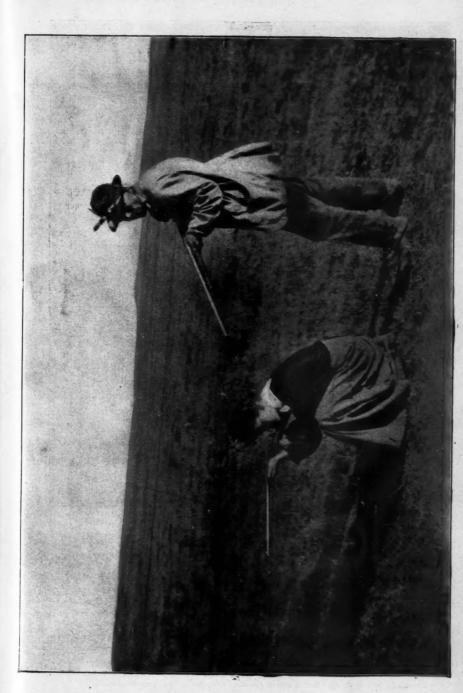
PEARS SOAP



Cleanses and refreshes after a ride and utilizes the invigorated blood in producing a complexion that is the inspiration of artists and poets the world over.

CREATES A MATCHLESS COMPLEXION

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST. "All rights secured,"



PLAINS COLORADO THE NO JACK-RABBITS SHOOTING



SUSAN BROWNELL ANTHONY, REFORMER

Born at Adams, Massachusetts, February 15, 1820; died at Rochester, New York, March 12, 1906

Miss Anthony was probably the ablest and best known of all the women reformers of her era in either Europe or America. For more than half a century she gave her whole time and strength to the work of enlarging the political and industrial rights of her sex. She early perceived that the right to labor must be backed up by the right to vote, or there can be no true freedom. She was an advocate of woman suffrage because she knew that woman must remain more or less a serf until she gets power to enforce her demands at the ballot-box. She summed up the story of her life-work, and its fruits, in the four-volume "History of Woman Suffrage," written in collaboration with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Ida Husted Harper. With her passing, the cause of the lowly and the oppressed of both sexes and of all races has lost a devoted and powerful advocate and friend. Her high place in American history is far more secure than that of any of the alleged "statesmen" who proved their gallantry and their sense of fair play by jeering and sneering at the great-hearted, far-sighted woman who has now passed from mortality to immortality.

F. P.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV

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NUMBER TWO

Affairs at Washington By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ONE of the most interesting recent sessions of the senate, from a public gallery viewpoint, was the one in which the final speeches were made on the statehood bill.

Senator Beveridge, who, as chairman of the territories committee, has given the question years of study, had the bill in charge, and on this occasion was to make his final speech upon it. The galleries were early crowded and even the corridors were filled. I saw Senator Beveridge in Senator Allison's room as he was leaving for the floor, to make his supreme effort.

On the walls of the senate chamber was a formidable array of maps, and at one side a blackboard, indicating how much land had already been irrigated in the two great territories of Arizona and



SENATOR CHESTER I. LONG OF KANSAS



REPRESENTATIVE SHERMAN OF NEW YORK



SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA



PORTRAIT OF JOHN HAY, IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT

New Mexico. The speaker of the occasion was in splendid voice, and every paragraph of his address was faultless. He has a dramatic way of drawing word pictures that makes all he says entertain-

Senator Beveridge wore the convencollar, and as he stood shaking his parted locks, he made a fine picture of a senatorial orator.

Senator McCumber had opened the debate in the morning, pleading very effectively for separate statehood for the two territories.

At the very start of his speech it was evident Senator Beveridge was not to have a clear field to himself on the floor. He was most frequently interrupted by Senator Patterson and Senator Teller -

the two Coloradans who have the habit of "wanting to know," and of bringing out all there is in a question.

During a scene of this kind it is interesting to study the mannerisms of the various senators. Each one has his favorite attitude when giving a respectful tional "Prince Albert" with a standing hearing to a brother speaker. There was Senator Spooner, sitting squarely before his desk, and casting quick side-glances now and then at the speaker, while Senator Allison turned half-around and assumed an easy and placid posture as he listened. Senator Foraker, with his troublesome amendment pending, sat near Senator Beveridge, with his arm over the back of his chair, moving now and then to take a note.

> Senator La Follette, compelled to take a seat in the "Cherokee strip" on the



SENATOR GALLINGER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

democratic side, sat with arms folded and pompadour hair erect, and looked as he does in his picture—complete.

Senator Pettus squared around, with one arm on his desk, and looked serenely over his spectacles at the speaker.



REPRESENTATIVE WILEY, ALABAMA

Senator Clarke of Montana occupied a seat on the republican side. He has bushy hair and beard, and sat looking straight before him, a quiet and attentive listener.

Senator Alger, in one of the rear seats, with both arms on his chair, seemed to be very much interested in the statehood bill, while Senator Gallinger stopped fussing with his papers long enough to turn an attentive ear to what was going on.

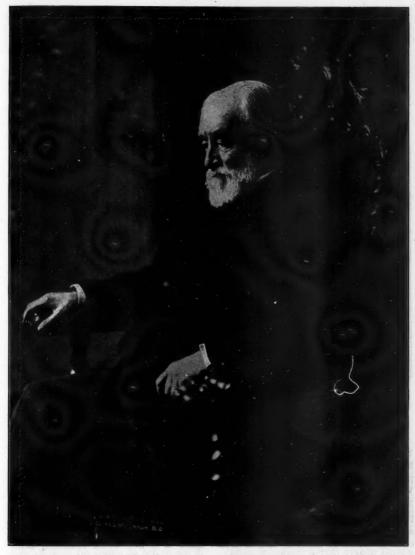
Senator Hopkins leaned back in his



SENATOR MILLARD OF NEBRASKA

chair as he might have done to enjoy a good evening at the theater.

Senator Nelson, sitting squarely on his chair, sturdy Norwegian that he is, had a suggestion now and then for the speaker during the interruptions. Senator Dillingham, the keen and dignified Vermonter, who is one of the best-informed members of the senate on the statehood question, was near at hand.



THE LATE SAMUEL P. LANGLEY, ASTRONOMER AND PHYSICIST, DIRECTOR OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION SINCE 1887 UNTIL HIS DEATH EARLY IN THIS YEAR

Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

the democratic side, with his legs crossed, gation bill. looked as though he might be thinking

Senator Newlands, in a rear seat on of the old days and the fight on the irri-

Perhaps the finest picture of all was



GENERAL A. W. GREELEY, CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1887, IN HIS OFFICE AT WASHINGTON

Senator Beveridge, standing erect before his desk, every inch an orator, with his papers before him, ready for the debate. He responded with telling effect to the interrogations which poured upon him thick and fast. He was interrupted almost constantly, but with a vast fund of information at his command he held his own. That speech could not possibly have been constructed any more skillfully as an oratorical effect. Senator Beveridge is certainly firmly established as one of the great orators of the senate, and his state and the nation may well be proud of his splendid abilities as senator, orator and author.

This scene more than ever emphasized

the well-poised and comprehensive spirit of the senate as a whole, and there is no career so well fitted to develop the power and spirit of a man.

My seat that day in the public gallery was beside a man who had come from Oklahoma. When Senator Beveridge was reaching one of his greatest heights, in which he alluded to the fertile prairies of Oklahoma territory, my neighbor could not resist it; he jumped up in his seat in an excited fashion and, without raising his voice, exclaimed: "Yes, yes. I have 160 acres of it, and no man is happier than I. You bet it's God's country."

However, he regained his composure and took his seat before the sad-faced usher could reach him through the crowded aisles.

Arizona and New Mexico will probably be deprived of statehood for the present session, at least. This seems a peculiar and unfortunate situation, and the differ-

ent votes taken were very confusing to the outside observer. In fact, it was not much to be wondered at that Senator Scott of West Virginia came out from the coat-room and registered a negative vote by mistake, which he afterwards had to change, reversing the prospect of a tie, which reminded many present that Vice-President Fairbanks was once more losing chance to vote. When first taken, the vote was thirty-five to thirty-five, but the change in Senator Scott's vote made it thirty-six to thirty-four.

The senate in session upon these occasions affords fascinating glimpses of national life, for when all is said there are few sights more inspiring than a view of the upper house in session.

On all three sides of the senate chamber were representatives who had come over from the opposite side of the Capitol to see the event of the day, and doubtless many of them were dreaming of the days when they, too, might occupy a seat on this side of the Capitol, for more often than ever before the senate is now recruited from members of the house of representatives.

Congressman Adam Bede was there, with arms akimbo, watching the senatorial fireworks and probably comparing them with those of the house.

THESE are strenuous times in the executive office. There is a continuous delegation of "hand-shakers," as they are often called. The president is kept busy every minute of his time.

Even the cabinet room is thronged on days when

the cabinet is not in session. The visitors may be seen embracing their overcoats, despite the new coat-racks in the corner, which remain unused. The president passes around the room with a rapid-fire of remark and comment which would soon wear out an ordinary man, though he seems to thrive on it. He hears the man who has something to say on the Alaskan situation and wishes for information on railroads in that state. President Roosevelt promptly answers his inquiries. Another man wants an appointment in the army and navy, and the president quickly grasps the details. Occasionally there is a guest



FRANK P. SARGENT, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER
OF IMMIGRATION SINCE 1892, IN HIS OFFICE AT
WASHINGTON

who taxes the president's memory by recalling some scene or event of one of his many trips taken during his eventful career. It seems to be quite the proper thing to try to recall some scene in one's life in which Mr. Roosevelt is concerned. One remarked:

"You remember I went over to Europe with your cousin in 1868,"

But this time the president blinked behind his spectacles and did not seem to have a keen remembrance of the travels of his cousin. Another visitor knew a cousin, I think it was a fourth, and I wondered how the mind of one man could even attempt to arrange all



MAYOR JOHN WEAVER OF PHILADELPHIA,
WHOSE PROGRESS IN MAKING THE OLD
RING DISGORGE FRANCHISES GOT FROM
CORRUPT CITY COUNCILS IS EXCITING
A GOOD DEAL OF ATTENTION AT THE
NATIONAL CAPITAL

Fro.n a stereograph copyright 1906 by Underwood & Underwood

this mass of detail. It certainly passes my comprehension, but there is probably no more attractive trait in the character of Theodore Roosevelt than the brisk and cheerful way in which he fulfills his task day after day, meeting men of all temperaments, from every state, territory and section of the nation, while yet he remains his own true self—equal to every demand.

It was not cabinet day, and the people thronged into the cabinet room, where the chairs were all properly labelled, and one could readily imagine the president at the head of the table, with the secretary of state at his right and the post-master-general on his left. One could almost hear the rap of the fist-like gavel as he called the cabinet to proceed with business. On the walls are maps, showing a live interest in the Panama question, and a number of the immortal sayings of Lincoln.

In the president's room was an array of pink primroses in bloom, and on his desk were his favorite heliotrope and Jacqueminot roses, a number of books and a mass of papers, revealing what a busy workshop this office now is. Over the mantel is a painted portrait of Lincoln, flanked on either side by mottoes apt and inspiring. In the corner the great globe three feet in diameter is mains an object of interest to callers.

In the adjoining anteroom were various distinguished visitors, waiting their turn. In the room of Secretary Loeb were also decorations of primroses and roses, and here, too, were a coterie of visitors, who watched while the secretary handled the correspondence and kept grist in the mill at a lively pace. Just about noon the "Mystic Shriners" ap-



JOHN MITCHELL, CHIEF OF THE HARD-COAL MINERS' UNION, WHO FACES THE GREAT-EST CRISIS IN HIS CAREER, AND WHOSE MOVEMENTS ARE WATCHED WITH KEEN INTEREST IN WASHINGTON

From a stereograph copyright 1906 by Underwood & Underwood

peared, and it is supposed that they gave the president a chance to "hold on to the ropes," but no record is extant of



DELEGATE MC GUIRE OF OKLAHOMA



REPRESENTATIVE BURKE, SOUTH DAKOTA

any initiation exercises, nor is it told that he "drank camel's milk." There was no evidence that the president took a degree from the Mystic Shrine.

However great Theodore Roosevelt may have been when he entered the presidential chair, it does not require an acute observer to decide that day by



REPRESENTATIVE PADGETT, TENNESSEE



REPRESENTATIVE ADAMS, PENNSYLVANIA



REPRESENTATIVE HARVEY CABLE GARBER OF OHIO, WHO IS A TELEGRAPHER, A LAWYER AND A SKILLED POLITICIAN

day the splendid power of the man is developing under the vast responsibility thrust upon him.

FEW military funerals in Washington have been more impressive than that of Lieutenant General Schofield. He selected the spot in which he wished to be buried—at Arlington, close beside General Sheridan and near the Temple of Fame.

It seems only a few days ago that I was with him at St. Augustine, at the Ponce de Leon. It was at the Yacht Club receptions that the general delighted in telling those old, mirthful Irish jokes, replete with humor, and recalling memories of his career.

General Granville M. Dodge, one of the few major-generals of the Civil war yet living, was a close friend of General Scofield and came on from New York City to attend the funeral. I met him afterward in the room of Senator Allison. How his eyes sparkled as he recalled episodes of his early career; the tribute paid by him to his old comrade in arms was one of the most eloquent I ever heard from the lips of man, not only because of its fine sentiment, but because of that subtle expression which indicated the depth of his friendship in a way that no spoken words could do.

It was General Schofield who first conceived the idea of using troops to prevent the detention of the United States mails during strikes, which was done at Rock Springs, Colorado, years ago, and it was on his advice that President Cleveland acted so promptly in the Chicago railroad riots. The veteran was so thoroughly versed in these matters that he knew every legal, as well as every military phase of the proposition.



REPRESENTATIVE GEORGE WASHINGTON TAYLOR OF ALABAMA, SERVING HIS FIFTH TERM

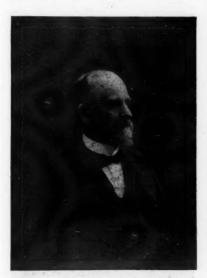


REPRESENTATIVE MC KINNEY, ILLINOIS



REPRESENTATIVE UNDERWOOD, ALABAMA

Of a kindly disposition, yet he never failed to do his whole duty as a soldier. General Schofield served in President Johnson's cabinet as secretary of war, where he succeeded General Grant, but in spite of this fact he was a close friend of Grant and of General Sherman. Perhaps one of the most important missions of his long and eventful career was



REPRESENTATIVE HOLLIDAY, INDIANA



REPRESENTATIVE HENRY OF TEXAS

the one that determined the freedom of. Mexico. He was sent to France on this mission, and in forcible yet diplomatic manner gave Emperor Napoleon III the information which led to the withdrawal of French troops from Mexico. It is said that few diplomatic missions were ever so adroitly and quietly yet effectively accomplished; it was at this time that the momentous question which involved the Monroe doctrine, as well as the fate of the republic to the south of us, was settled. I can recall at various times noticing General Schofield's keen interest in the welfare and progress of Mexico. He always felt proud of the fact that he was associated, in a way, with the history of that republic.

MET recently Uncle Joe Cannon, speaker of the house. He was wearing a steel-gray suit, a genial smile and a pink carnation in his coat. I was asked for information concerning certain Lincolnesque stories. "Take carte blanche, and put in any darned story you want, so long as there is a point to it and it is entirely proper," he said.

At this time he was anticipating the reception he was going to give to the Gridiron Club, and was as eager about it as a boy in his early teens might be over a day's holiday or a "s'prise party."

"We are going to have them all there," he said—"plutocrats, peasants, preachers, plumbers, pot-boilers, politicians and a few publishers," and he looked expressively at me. This sentence was a slight strain on Uncle Joe's powers of alliteration, but he was quite equal to it.

There is a joke going the rounds of Washington. Recently there was a pile of counterfeit bills on the floor of the house, placed there by someone who wished to play a practical joke. Uncle Joe took them up, remarking:

"Some plutocrat has been trying to bribe the representative body of the people."



SENATOR SIMMONS, NORTH CAROLINA

One bystander asked the speaker if he really thought that congress was a representative body — under the rules. But, although there may be a certain amount



REPRESENTATIVE HUMPHREYS, MISSISSIPPI



REPRESENTATIVE PATTERSON, PENNSYLVANIA

of chafing under responsibility and the Reed rules, and an occasional murmur from "insurgents," yet everybody knows that if there ever was a square, lovable



SENATOR RAYNER OF MARYLAND

man in the government, it is Speaker Cannon. He is always the same kindly, popular, democratic man that he has been since the beginning of his congressional career. Ever watchful for the public interests, with a keen eye on the expense account, fighting against appropriations, and yet keeping in close touch with the needs and demands of the hour, he has made a name for himself as speaker of the house of representatives, such as few men will be accorded when history is written.

After all, it is not so much his long and unswerving service that has endeared him to the nation, as his democratic tastes and unflinching devotion to the plain people of America. He is known and loved not only in his own district but by the whole country.

As he took his hat from the mantel, preparing to leave the president's office, he did not forget his usual genial glance around, which included a farewell to everyone present, before he waltzed out of the room and away.

.54

T is interesting to observe the development of the strength of various senators and congressmen as occasion may arise to draw out their powers, No one who has been in Washington any length of time during the past few months will fail to agree in the opinion that there are three senators who are especially noticeable in this respect, being possessed of that subtle power which is felt rather than seen in debate or on special occasions, but not observed during the regular course of events. One of these men is Senator Bailey, who is quietly but effectively going to the front as a party leader. He has a fearless and thorough way of handling problems, and the maintenance of his buoyancy has thrown out in sharp relief certain prominent traits that contrast with the character of the men around him. He is certainly a representative of whom the Lone Star State may be



THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCHOFIELD

The next developing man is Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. He pursues a subject along direct lines, plowing deep. A great many of his friends urged him to take a more active part in proceedings and debates during his first session, but he responded that he considered himself as being merely in the preparatory stage, rather than upon the platform. Now it is seen that the former member of the cabinet has at his command a wide scope of information that is not available to the senator who has never been in the cabinet-knowledge which does much to determine the power and standing of a senator. In fact, Senator Knox has become one of those men who do things without any apparent effort. He gives the impression of getting his tasks done quietly by a sort of "workless work," while other people are wearing themselves to a thread.

The third of the trio is Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, who in his serene way has a power of concentration—and consequently an effectiveness—that is making him one of the potential members of the senate. He has a wide grasp of situations and policies and can discern subtle points which lead him quickly to logical results and conclusions in a way that can not be learned in books, nor taught, but is inherent in a man. A quiet, keen, genial observer, he has seldom had a plan go awry, and yet it would be impossible to define just how he manages always to come out right.

T was a busy month in the dead-letter office. I was told by the fourth assistant postmaster-general that during the past year they had disposed of over eleven million letters, and in these letters were found more than \$56,000. Of this amount \$40,000 was returned to the owners and the balance is still in the treasury awaiting redemption. It is said that, for the first time in fifty years, the work in the dead-letter office is at last caught up. When Postmaster-General



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BATES, U. S. A.

Cortelyou reorganized the department there were over a half-million letters to be attended to, but the adoption of modern business methods soon reduced the mass of accumulated work that had been piling up for years past.

These "dead" letters are all preserved, and would furnish volumes of the history of humanity at large. It must not be supposed that all of these epistles are from ignorant people. There are thousands that indicate the dire consequences of a slip of the pen, and the department urges continuously the use of a printed return-address envelope, which would secure the sender against possibility of loss of his letter should it not be delivered.

While in Washington I heard a story from a friend, of a relative of his who had come to Washington in search of a letter that had gone astray. He was successful in finding it in the dead-letter office. He returned home a wiser and a happier man, rejoicing over his reclaimed letter, which contained a thou-



REPRESENTATIVE DICKSON OF ILLINOIS



REPRESENTATIVE REYNOLDS, PENNSYLVANIA

sand dollars that he had intended to forward to his prospective wife. It seems that in the excitement of addressing his beloved he wrote some undecipherable address, and after he had mailed the letter it occurred to him that he had made a mistake.

It is simply amazing when one considers the millions and millions of letters and the vast amount of mail passing through the postoffice department, how small a portion of it goes astray; and this lost percentage will constantly lessen as, with the new system inaugurated in the postal department, it is becoming more and more easy to trace mail matter with unerring accuracy.

.34

N the corridor of the house I met Representative John Sharp Williams on his way to the minority room. He was evidently in a reflective mood, but seemed to be particularly pleased about something that had happened on the floor



SENATOR MC CUMBER, NORTH DAKOTA

and his gray eyes twinkled as he chuckled to himself.

These are not strenuously partisan days; as has been remarked, it is difficult to discern party lines, even on looking carefully over both sides of the house. The old-time party labels seem to have been lost in the shuffle, and, as one member remarked:

"This feature presages for 1908 one of the most peculiar presidential campaigns that has ever been fought."

The chief difficulty will be to find the entrenchments of a few years ago, in order to define the battleground.

SENATOR TILLMAN is happy, and he does not disguise the fact, but is rather proud of it, that the railroad rate bill was passed over to his tender mercies. When the National Magazine

photographer found him recently he was engrossed in study of this great question, but paused long enough to look over his spectacles and send a kindly greeting to our readers.

THE hearing of the committee on interoceanic canals drags wearily on. Senator Morgan occupies a seat near the end of the table. His lips are firmly set and his chin nestles down in his expansive collar as he listens, or looks up to continue his sharp questioning. I dropped in on rather a quiet day when expert Burr was on the stand. Professor Burr has the distinction of drawing thirteen distinct and separate salaries as an expert; but he is not superstitious.



REPRESENTATIVE WILSON, ILLINOIS

The walls of the committee-room are covered with maps and the table is strewn with papers. Senators Kittredge and Sanders, and Millard, the chairman, lis-



REPRESENTATIVE BABCOCK, WISCONSIN



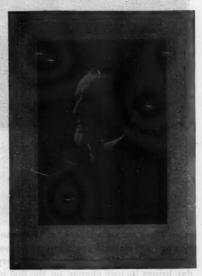
REPRESENTATIVE PARKER, NEW JERSEY

tened attentively to the recital of Professor Burr's opinions as to the capacity of the locks in the canal. Coming out of this room, an "old-timer" remarked:

"If we had a man like Senator Hanna, this work would get pushed along quicker; when he was chairman of the committee this was his pet project."



REPRESENTATIVE GARRETT, TENNESSEE



SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM OF ILLINOIS



SENATOR BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA, WHO FIGURES PROMINENTLY IN THE DEBATE ON THE RAIL-WAY RATE BILL

Time brings its swiftest changes to Washington. It seems as though no other place can reveal such sudden transitions from obscurity to power and from power back again to obscurity. Every day brings its own change on the dial of

public opinion, a timepiece whose record no one can adequately analyze or explain. If a sentiment is running over the country in favor of this or that, it is beyond the power of the average observer to explain whence it came or to analyze it by any ordinary rules of logic, but nevertheless public opinion is always there and is a force which must be reckoned with, though one section will get worked up over a question on which another section is quite indifferent. One part of the country will be aroused to the point of distraction over the rate problem, while somewhere else it will be phases of the tariff which claim public



REPRÉSENTATIVE FLOYD OF ARKANSAS

attention. Others are interested only in irrigation. Every section empha. sizes its own local needs. There is one important thing to be considered in national legislation—the happy blending of all these heterogenous wants and opinions in to a harmonious whole—a difficulty which has proved a puzzle to all students and observers of other governments.



UNITED STATES LAND COMMISSIONER RICHARDS



REPRESENTATIVE MAYNARD OF VIRGINIA



SENORA DONA CARMEN ROMERO RUBIO DE DIAZ, WIFE OF PRESIDENT DIAZ OF MEXICO



FENTON R. MC CREERY, SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY AT MEXICO



FREDERICK R. GUERNSEY, EDITOR OF THE MEXICAN HERALD



RAMON CORRAL, SECRETARY OF THE IN-TERIOR FOR THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO Photograph by Schlattman, City of Mexico



JOSE IVES LIMANTOUR, FINANCE FOR THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO Photograph by Schlattman, City of Mexico

MEXICO'S WAR MINISTER GREETS NORTHERN NEIGHBORS

By General Bernardo Reyes

PORFIELD DIAR, PERSONNELL OF THE REPUBLIC OF SHIRKS AND

My Dear Sir:

You have asked me for an expression of whose ideas and aspirations your admiration. To aspirate the admiration of the same and the s publication, The National Magazine, is

such an able exponent; and I take pleasure in complying briefly with your of personal opinion relative to the great request, inasmuch as the American nation of which you are a citizen, and people have always excited my sincere

In 1890, when writing "An Outline of



PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO AND ONE OF THE GREATEST LIVING STATESMEN Photograph by Valleto & Co., City of Mexico

following statement with reference to the English migration which was directed

the Progress of Humanity," I made the the eighteenth century, due largely to beneficent transformation of America in toward the north of the continent:



GENERAL BERNARDO REYES, MINISTER OF WAR AND COMMANDER
OF THE ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO

"The political evolution, brought about by historical conditions, was developing in Europe to such an extent that the English Puritans were forced by persecution to flee to America. These pioneers of civilization, armed as they were with all the elements of human progress, arrived in a savage country teeming with richness, and, dedicating to it the activity and energy of their race, founded a powerful nation, where but yesterday a settlement of tents existed: a nation whose doctrines were imported from across the sea, but untrammeled by antiquated systems, which are ever a hindrance to new ideas. Upon these

elements and principles was founded the great North American republic, where liberty and equality, predicated upon Christianity, have been definitely sanctioned by law, and where work, the blesssing of man, causes treasures to spring forth by the touch of its magic wand:

These lines synthesized my opinion respecting the marvelous development of the United States of America, and I should add that illustrious statesmen, emanating from popular will, have made the nation grander every day. At the front of this people we see today President Roosevelt, a man who combines the genius and spirit of a race which has multiplied its strength by the intermingling of the choicest races of the world, and who ever seeks to elevate their ideals and to amplify their field of action in all lines of human progress and achievement.

In his literary works, and in his luminous writings outlining the future of the nation, President Roosevelt boldly points out the obstacles that must be overcome. He attacks sterility in marriage, which he aptly terms "race suicide"; the unfortunate ease with which the family tie may be dissolved; corruption in public affairs, and selfishness in every form, especially where it affects the interests of the country at large, to which he is so fervently devoted.

The great statesmen of America, and the soldiers, who have distinguished themselves in battle and shed their blood for the nation, are more highly esteemed by this fearless leader than the moneyed kings, the powerful plutocrats of wealth, and the men who have formed combinations of capital for the control of all forms of industrial activity.

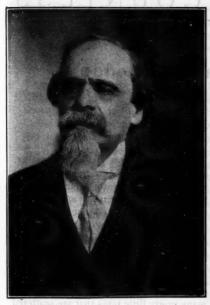
Such a nation, with these antecedents, composed of an imposing aggregation of vigorous and manly citizens, and with



SADOR OF MEXICO TO THE UNITED STATES Photograph by Clark, City of Mexico



SENOR DON JOAQUIN DE CASASUS, AMBAS- SENORA CATALINA A. DE CASASUS; THE WIFE OF THE AMBASSADOR FROM MEXICO Photograph by Valleto & Co., City of Mexico



IGNACIO MARISCAL, SECRETARY OF FOREIGN
RELATIONS FOR THE REPUBLIC OF
MEXICO

Photograph by Schlattman, City of Mexico

leaders of the type of their present president, is destined to fulfill, and I believe will fulfill, the noblest and most beautiful of the missions of civilization, in the critical epoch of history through which the present generations of earth are passing; recognizing the principles and the free exercise of democracy, while maintaining tranquility and order, and serving as an example of material and intellectual development; in multiplying, through intercourse, the material wealth and the wholesome ideas of the world; in compelling respect of its rights in order that its evolution may advance triumphant, and, at the same time, in respecting in a manner corresponding to its grandeur and which its honor demands, the rights of the rest of the civilized nations of the earth.



PAUL HUDSON, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE
MEXICAN HERALD, AND ONE OF THE
ABLEST MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN
COLONY IN THE MEXICAN CAPITAL
Photograph by Schlattman, City of Mexico

A truly great mission of progress and justice, in which posterity is vitally interested!

These, Mr. Chapple, are my sentiments with respect to the United States of America. Faithfully yours,

28/2

Monterey, Mexico, February 23, 1906.

Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple,
Editor of The National Magazine,
Boston, Massachusetts.

THE PINK COUNTESS

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE Italian shepherds, watching their flocks by night, and looking like a cross between a mythological faun and a bit of chimney bric-a-brac, will tell you in their mellifluous tongue that the Milky Way is the road to Rome. There is a saying in that delectable land that all roads lead to the Eternal City, and I have often been inclined to accept this statement literally. In the days of my youth, or ever the grasshopper had become a burden, the more I strove to escape the waters of Treve the surer I was to find myself within hearing of the gurgle of that highly decorative fountain. I had sworn once in the bitterness of my homesick heart that I would leave Rome forever; that nothing under high heaven could ever again tempt me within its walls. I had persistently refused to drink at that fountain, because if one drinks thereof one is under the spell; and if one casts into that wide marble basin his copper soldo one is lost forever and, willy-nilly, he must back to Rome again. Friends had assured me on their word of honor that the mere fracture of an arm was nothing; and so it was little or nothing in comparison with the fracture of two arms and a couple of legsfor example. There was no need to call my attention to the thousand and one beguilements of the Rome of the early seventies; it was still mossy and musty and full of little mysteries. had turned from it in weariness and sworn never again to shed the light of my countenance within its gates, or cause my face to shine upon it.

28. 17 h

We were taking a last stroll together, a few of us of the æsthetic circle; it was one of those warm nights when no breath of air is stirring and there is nothing whatever to do but wait for a change in the weather. Alfredo and Romeo were my companions and it was suggested that we refresh ourselves with a glass of dolce. When the sweetened draft was swallowed, Alfredo asked of the keeper of the booth - one of the many pretty little tents that are scattered about the streets during the Roman Summer-"Of what water is this drink compounded?" "Bella Treve, Signore!" was the reply, with a majestical wave of the hand worthy of a river-god. I was fairly caught. There was nothing left for me now but to cast my coin into the fountain and say farewell, only to return again after many days. Kismet!

On my return, there happened what I am about to tell you. It all comes back to me vividly enough because I have just been turning the pages of a once popular novel that is now, perhaps, almost forgotten. The book is called "The One Fair Woman." I smile as I recall some of the original incidents upon which the Poet of the Sierras founded this eccentric bit of autobiography. My copy is not the rather vulgar American edition in one fat volume, but three fair, womanly volumes with beautiful type and rose-tinted paper and dainty covers, bearing a well-known London imprint on its title page. I wonder if you have ever seen the book and have read it, and if you remember the chapters—they are saturated with the Roman sirocco—that refer to the so-called "Pink Countess?" Well, here is a little incident that is not recorded in that valued book.

It was in the afternoon of one of my lonesome days abroad. One can be very lonely in Rome if he tries hard enough. I had strolled to the Pincio because there was music there, an obelisk and a palm tree. To tell the whole truth, I sought consolation and I caught I was there, on the breezy a cold. heights where once bloomed the famed gardens of Lucullus; where Messalina gave those brilliant and boisterous garden parties that were the occasion of so much scandal. If the fair and frail Messalina could look in upon the tame flirtations that are now the only crimes worth mentioning enacted there, she might regret that even these feeble imitations of her pleasure grounds survive her shame.

The grave obelisk, erected by Hadrian in commemoration of the melancholy fate of Antinous, has a sad sister in the palm tree that was born of a proud race but has grown peevish in the frigid and forbidding Italian Winter. Picture to yourself this heartbroken palm tree, chapped by the keen winds that swoop down upon it from the snow-crowned Sabine hills; bandaged and bolstered up—a captive queen exposed to the admiration or indifference of the populace and dying by slow inches. Must I confess, after the above elaborate period, that the palm is now dead and buried? So I am informed by one who has many a time mourned with me at the foot of that royal martyr.

My case that day was pitiable until one of Joaquin's friends ran against me. The Poet had made him over to me with a compliment. He is very generous in this respect. We fell together at the start and never jarred after that; he had the heart of a giant, the soul of a woman, and seldom bored me with the assumption of any interest in the arts. This amiable man was lord in the palace of the Pink Countess. He was a neutral-tinted Count, who lived only to set forth the peculiar pinkness of his Countess. There are few of us but have some mission in life; let us approve those who accept theirs without a murmur.

The Count approached me and, seeing me distraught, led me gently to the gate of the Villa Medici, where he rang for admittance. We entered a broad avenue hedged with box and flanked by two rows of antique statues; the statues were dismembered, but one pardons anything in the antique. The keeper of the grounds admitted us to another and more secluded retreat; it was the verdant crown of the hill. We threaded cloisters of black ilex trees, wherein the sun ventures not; there were marble seats at intervals, green with moss and mold. Higher yet we climbed, and at last reached a mound feathered with long grass, on the pinnacle of which a graceful minaret lifted its fairy columns above the dense foliage of the grove.

The undulated line of the horizon marked the summits of the sacred hills. Monte Mario with its comb of pines; St. Peter's, like a huge bubble floating above a thousand tilting roofs; and farther on the Palatine and the Quirinal, with their palaces and temples and basilicas; the Pantheon, the Capitol, and many a stately column with its crowning statue held high aloft, all swam in a golden haze that had grown warm in the slanting sunlight, a vision that was the more lovely in that it was . brief and changeful. That is what we saw from the uttermost parts of Nero's Garden, with two huge locks shut fast between us and the outer world.

For a moment Rome was nothing to me; I was above it and beyond it. I had set loose my spirit and breathed the air of a fresher and more congenial world; yet in the same breath she was all in all to me, this Roman world. Without her supreme presence what would the hour have been other than a repetition of the hours that come into every life through the sunshine when the day is fair?

Ten thousand bells swung to and fro in the purpling dusk. Did ever the sun set to such music in any other land, I wonder? Those bells seemed to be ringing in new years forever and ever and aye; they were cheery, jubilant bells, that made melodious the very air; it quivered and throbbed as they reeled in their twilight towers, and, standing upon the hilltop in the Boschetto, for the first time in my life, perhaps, the truth of the old tradition that church bells put to flight the devil and all his angels flashed upon me. Surely, in such a burst of heavenly harmony, no unclean soul could pause and listen without contrition in his heart of hearts.

The Count and I turned silently in the gloaming and hastened out of the villa, for fever, like a deadly perfume, exhales from the twilight shadows of a Roman garden. But this is not what I started to say, and we will have no more of it. We returned rapidly into the darkening town and made our way as speedily as possible to the palace of the Count in the Street of the Guardian Angel.

Entering the great court of the palace, we learned that the Countess was still driving. This, however, was by no means surprising, for the fatal hour of dusk is the most delicious in all the four-and-twenty that revolve about Rome. A broad marble staircase connected the court with the primo-piano of the palace. Gradually, as the fortune of its possessor began to fail, the once princely proprietor crept toward the roof with his family and retainers, and now the several floors between him and the pavement were occupied by strangers who were chiefly English.

The Count led me through suites of apartments sumptuously furnished. Each

chamber was larger than the other; the walls were literally covered with clouded paintings, such as impress one with the idea that the old masters could never have painted anything really fresh and brilliant in color. Full-length, life-size portraits of a brace of cardinals, resplendant in canonicals, adorned the grand The glare of gilded and gorgeously upholstered furniture of antique pattern, the confusion of glittering brica-brac, the soft glow of a multitude of waxen tapers that transformed the chandeliers of Venetian crystal into fountains of light-all betrayed the luxurious taste of the hostess, and were but the suitable environment of one who to fortune and to fame was known as The Pink Countess. A carriage rolled into the court below; servants stole noiselessly to aid their mistress in alighting and ascending the stately stairway. A shrill, treble voice rang through the outer rooms and then a diminutive child, elfish, impish, looking like a girl in boy's clothing, or a boy who should have been a girl. sprang into the salon and embraced the Count in a paroxysm of delight. This was little "Sunshine," sole scion of the house and heir to all its pinkness. A mass of fluffy blonde hair fell over his shoulders and below his waist; large blue eyes lighted a face that was delicately chiseled and colorless as Carara marble. Buchanan Reed, the poet-artist, once painted this child as if floating in space and called him "The Evening Star." He was a star that never set without a disturbance, and it took two able-bodied lackeys to keep him, in his revolutions, within his private sphere.

The Pink Countess entered on the arm of the poet-friend. They had been driving together as was their custom of an afternoon. What a picture! Pink! Pink! all Pink! from the roses in the blonde hair to the tips of the daintiest of slippers; pink stockings; pink trimmings on a white, gauzy something that only half obscured an undercurrent of

the deepest pink that ran all through her. Pink lips, pink cheeks, pink ears, and gloves of the pinkest pink imaginable. It was, in short, too good—I mean too pink—to be true.

The poet was ashen and sober. He seemed to have covered himself, as with a garment, with the silence of the somber Campagna, from whence they håd just returned. A broad-brimmed. sombrero shaded his melancholy eyes from the roseate glow of the salon; his Byronic cloak was still draped about him; his amber locks fell in ringlets upon his shoulders. He was booted to the knees; his small and well-shaped feet tapped a pricless Persian rug noiselessly but impatiently. It seemed as if something were impending — and something was, and had been for some time. It was dinner. "Where is the man who can live without dining?"-O,"Lucille," thou idol of our youth, with feet of clay that crumble as the years increase and multiply. "Where is the man who can live without dining," be he Poet, Porkpacker, or Politician?

Having dined, wined and gotten rid of little "Sunshine," with his corn-silk hair,—his afterglow suffused us to our dismay—we adjourned to the Poets' Corner and did the languid, Oriental pose until long after midnight.

This Poets' Corner was a kind of boudoir, and I am at a loss to know just how it happened to be in that part of the palace, unless it chanced to fit in there and nowhere else in the building; it was about the shape of an egg-shell cut in half between the two ends of the egg, and, would you believe it? it was pink from carpet to ceiling; pinker flowers than nature ever painted made a bower of the dome; the fireplace was pink to the very embers that glowed on a spotless hearth, satin draperies of seashell pink veiled the walls and covered the couches and cushions, and all these were redolent of the spice of the carnation. There we had tea at all hourspink tea, with a monumental samovar more or less pinkified, and mulled wine in pink glasses, and Turkish coffee in pink cups; and such talk and such deep, refreshing intervals of silence as the gods provide for those alone who are capable of appreciating them!

Do we not all remember how, on one stormy night, we reclined upon our couches and listened to the wind and the rain while each of us imagined that the other had been lulled to sleep by the elements, and not for worlds would we have disturbed them. burned lower and lower; the air grew chilly; yet no one moved or spoke - it was is if we were all under a spell. Then the Poet, who was, as usual, clad in his long cloak, rose stealthily and crept toward the hearth. He looked into the embers, breathed upon them, smiled, and stealing to a box that resembled a cottage piano framed in old rose, silently took from it the balsamic kindling. Over the gray coals, in a bed of ashes of roses, he built him a baby wigwam; then, crouching at some distance from it, blew a breath-a blast worthy of Boreas - the flames burst through the peak of his tepee, the pink room blushed all over and we were saved. What followed? Polite and appreciative applause? Not so. We were all as much asleep as ever; we held our peace; but from under our eyelids we could see the Poet as he crouched before the camp-fire; and we heard him-forgive me, I cannot resist saying it-we heard him give a hollow grunt of satisfaction as, perhaps, he recalled the nights in the lonely forests of the Sierras when his only companion was the fire he had kindled in the good greenwood. Then he tiptoed back to his couch of tiger skins-it had been fashioned for him alone, and we dreamed again. It was a souvenir of the forest and of the great plains, my dear, such as one gets not every night in Rome.

Well-as I was about to remark when I

interrupted myself with a smile at something else that had just flitted through my brain - can you not see how the plot thickened and the people talked? The foreign colonies in the European capitals are hot-beds of gossip, but I venture to say that there are no gossips more venomous or meaner than those of Rome. The Pink Countess and the Poet drove daily and were seen of all who had eyes to see. It mattered not to them; they were dreamers and they let the world go by as if it were not. The Philistines and the Pharisees might pass on the other side and they, the while, be quite unconscious of the fact. Affinities, when they are absorbed in one another, seem to imagine that they are invisible to the naked eye and it is well for the repose of their souls that it is as it is. They drove in the highways and the byways, a spectacle for gods and men, while they were wrapped in sweet oblivion.

The Count and I drove together reverently and religiously, seeing all the sights that have endeared the Eternal City to the heart of the globe-trotter. His was a gentle and appreciative spirit and our little pilgrimages were a perpetual pleasure. With "Sunshine" perched upon the box-seat, we also were not unobserved by the idle and the curious. "Sunshine," with his custardcolored mane waving in the wind, was the object of interest; he was dressed in violet velvet of the deepest dye, and it deepened the depth of those blue eyes of his, so that they, too, were violet in tint; and all the while he was feeding on candied violets, that the harmonious whole might know no discord - feeding daintily on candied violets, as if he were a page to some Watteau lady, with a slim Italian grayhound for his playmate, and all the background of his delicate youth banked with roses. was now on his good behavior the eyes of the Roman world being upon him and he self-conscious to a degree, like all young children.

It seems there was a friend of the family who frequented the palace and was the secret adviser of the Count. This friend was Mephistophelian in temperament and delighted in intrigue. He bore the distinguished name of a cardinal and an admiral and may be classified as a Gentleman With a Past. Sometimes he suddenly appeared in the palace, from behind the folds of the brocaded portieres; sometimes he vanished as suddenly and no trace of him could be found - not even the echo of a retreating footfall. The question occasionally arose, were there sliding panels in the palace, or trap-doors, or secret stairways hidden between the walls?

It was this family friend who deftly kindled within the gentle heart of the Count a spark of jealousy. He had not even known how to spell it until with the shrugging shoulder, the furtive eye and the insinuating leer of the family friend the Count grew restive and suspicious. It was a part he played but poorly. Nothing could have been farther from his nature; but a family friend is too often the worm-at-the-core, and

more's the pity.

At the Cafe Greco I began to miss my friend the Poet; we often breakfasted together in the continental fashion - merely breaking our fast and reserving our appetite for the midday meal. Many inquired as to his whereabouts; I could not enlighten them. Once, indeed, he came to my chambers in the Little Street of the Little Tower, where Hilda of "The Marble Faun" was wont to trim her lamp of the Madonna, hanging without the wall of the Tower, and feed her flock of doves. Irene, my handsome padrona, who, with her maidens, did the finest laundering of lingerie in all Rome, told me that the Brigandshe always called him that - had called for me on horseback and with such a saddle! "It had plates of silver on it so large," said Irene, and she held a saucer between the fingers and thumbs of her two hands and gloated over it.
Rumors were rife. There were gossips even in the Cafe Greco, and the male gossip is a formidable rival to his glibtongued sister. I listened but said nothing. I could not stop my ears. Since the Count had become peevish, I had ceased visiting the palace. A family affair, after all, is something to steer clear of; no intruder is welcome, even though his motives be above reproach.

With some anxiety I looked for the Poet in his private haunts and found him not. How forlorn they all seemed to me then! The place was becoming a burden to me. Why should I tarry longer in a deserted city—so it seemed to me now—when there was so much to be seen elsewhere? I resolved to go northward, since the heat was increasing; not to Florence, which is too English, but to Venice, where one may hide within the hollow of a gondola and remain anonymous while drifting lazily from point to point of interest.

My mind made up, I thought to pay a last visit to the Cafe Greco and quaff a beaker to the memory of the past. It was one of those moonlight nights when everyone is in the street save the lame, the halt and the blind and, alas! the bed-ridden. The Greco was deserted; I went into our favorite corner and ordered a flask of Chianti, with sweet wafers. In his novel, "The One Fair Woman," the Poet has introduced me among the lay-figures who fill in the background of the story. There I am made to look upon the wine when it is vermilion in the vessel and murmur at appropriate intervals - "I will reform tomorrow!" Perhaps so, good Poet, perhaps, perhaps! While I was mooning over the blood of the grape, someone entered and seated himself by me. Whom should it be but the one I had been seeking in vain. There was a swift recital under the breath and we felt quite melodramatic in the solitude of the cafe.

What he had to tell was this: The

Count, who had once been the soul of generous and amiable hospitality, grew snappish. He was little and soft-voiced and round. The change in his attitude toward his friend made him seem like a pet spaniel that has been spoiled and is feeling far from well. For a time his ill manner was passed unnoticed. The sirocco often effects one that way. Day after day he grew worse, and finally his treatment of his guest was little short of insulting. There were low-voiced consultations in the boudoir, during which the Pink Countess, now paler than pink, begged of the Poet as a friend and protector not to abandon her to the tender mercies of the Count-that were growing less and less tender day by day. The family friend had ceased to be a mere skeleton in the closet and had become an incarnate fiend - to put it rather strongly. He plied the naturally amiable Count with wine, or potions more potent, and would usher him into the presence of the Countess and the Poet and leave him sputtering unpleasantly to the dismay of both. Evidently affairs were approaching a crisis.

One evening, returning late from a drive, the household was found in com-The Count and the family motion. friend, heated by cordials, were prancing like war-horses; one might have looked for the smoke issuing from their nostrils and have just missed it. It took but a few moments to bring on a revolution and a call to arms. The family friend, being portly but not in good form, thrust the Count into the field of battle and proposed to stand by him to the death. He supported the Count upon the right flank, but the latter fought blindly and was as often in the rear as to the front. (It must have been funny had it not been so absurd.)

It is evident that poets know a thing or two beside verse-making—Indian fighting, for example, and the "biff" in the solar plexus. The engagement was brief and decisive. The Countess. an unwilling witness, fainted like a rose in pain. A retinue of servants ran shrieking from hall to hall. mirrors were shattered by flying missiles - the bric-a-brac was circulating wildly. He left two upon the bloody field when he took his departure, he, the conqueror, the captain-general of his soul, and not a scar to grieve him. I fear the Count and the family friend were bad shots; it was they who were shelling the camp. The Poet's only weapons were Godgiven, and he knew well the use of them in an extremity. How we laughed over it all, there in the little inner room of the Cafe Greco! It was all so sudden and so silly. "I shall of course leave town," said he. "For her sake it is better that I'do not again cross the track of these warriors." We were to say goodbye that very night over a fresh flagon of Chianti. I whispered in his ear, "I will reform tomorrow!" I knew not whither he was going. I didn't ask. If he had cared to tell me he would have told me without the asking.

Two or three days later I chanced upon the Count. He had been seeking me in my favorite resorts, for he did not know where I was lodging. He was furious with rage and indignation. "Where is the Poet?" he demanded of me fiercely. I could not believe my eyes or ears to find him in such a fury. Of course I could not enlighten him, though I must confess he looked incredulous. Then, when I inquired after the health of the Countess, he replied half viciously: "She has disappeared with Sunshine, a maid and a valet." And whither? He knew not. She had left word that she could no longer remain in Rome, on account of the intolerable domestic conditions; that he was to remain until he had settled everything and given up the keys of the palace. Then he could join her in Paris, and in future try to live up to his prerogatives. He must not forget that he was born a gentleman, even if he was a Count. This did not cheer him or comfort and console him. Vengeance was his; he would pursue the Poet to the antipodes, up hill and down dale, from sea to sea, and beyond the uttermost seas—and there annihilate him. I could not repress a smile and yet there was a bit of a tear in it. And to think that this vendetta was worn by one who was in reality as gentle as a sucking dove.

While the Count was still nursing his wrath, I silently stole away to Venice. It is odd how many homes one has in Europe—one who has ever visited there. Rome, Albano, Venice, Naples, Capri—these are my Italian homes. Even the gondoliers recognized me when I alighted at the station at Venice. Giovanni claimed me for his own, and I entered his gondola to swim with him the whole glorious length of the Grand Canal.

The Sea City was ablaze with glory. It was the annual Fete of the Gondo-Huge barges more graceful in outline than the swan, more beautifully decorated than that in which the Doge of the days of eld was wont to go forth to wed his bride, the wondrous Adriatic, passed in stately procession to the lagoon where the pageant culminated in all its splendor. They were propelled by a phalanx of oarsmen picturesquely clad in mediæval costume, who rowed rhythmically to the music of voices and mandolins. Some of them carried gauzy sails as brilliant as butterfly wings. The canals were crowded with gondolas laden with sight-seers, and yet it was not long before my attention had been attracted by the occupants of one that was floating near me. A lady partially concealed under the canopy of her gondola was trailing a gloved hand in the water; half the forearm was gloved and the glove was pink. I wondered who was with her-who beside the little creature in violet velvet with the flaxen hair. I caught only the glimpse of a sombrero and beneath it the amber ring-

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lets curling upon the shoulders of one draped in a manner more or less Byronic.

The Venetian sea betrays no secrets. If one's wife enters the felse of her gondola at any hour of the day or night she is as secure from identification as if fortified with masque and domino. The pink glove was a bait one might have nibbled at had one been greedy, but I contented myself with following after it at my leisure until the end of the afternoon, when a storm cloud swept over us and the stars of the twilight were dark.

I saw them no more after that; pink, violet and amber were colors that faded out of my life. Not that I forgot them for a moment; they, like many another memory, were indelible, but I thought to go back to Rome and round out an experience that had, in a certain sense; been nipped in the bud, and I immediately returned.

The Count had put his desolated house in order and repaired to Paris. The gossips of Rome, having wearied one another with elaborately imaginative details, were in chase of more recent victims. I was silent as a sphinx and almost as stony-hearted—having a conscience all my own—until I received a

happy letter from the Count himself, who had hastened to assure me that all was well; that he had been too hasty, too suspicious, and had written a curt letter to the family friend assuring him that he had been utterly mistaken in his surmises. That the Pink Countess was well and pinker than ever, if that were possible; so also the violet child with his golden aureole still guiltless of the barber's ruthless shears. That they were one and all at the daintiest of Parisian hostelries, and that nothing could add to their united happiness save my poor presence. Would I join them for a little visit and do all the bewildering fetes with them before they took wing again and went elsewhere?

Alas, no! There was still honey in the honeycomb, close at hand, though the Italian bees are not so very busy. I could at least sit in the Cafe Greco and over my Chianti dream of the poet friend I missed so sorely. I had sometimes listened if, perchance, I might hear his returning footfall—for poets love variety and may weary of even the prettiest of pinks; but no! I hear only a still, small voice that whispered never so softly in my listening ear:

—"The places that once knew him shall know him no more forever!"

ONE SINGER 🧀 By Eugene C. Dolson

FLORIDAVILLE, NEW YORK

SHE sings in many a strain, But ever truest and best Of her own life's loss and gain; Of love's divine unrest.

For our deepest feelings move
To words untouched by art;
And the sweetest songs of love
Come straight from love's own heart.

should and social; his restanting methods; equival - the room



Haydon

HAYDON JONES, NEWSPAPER ARTIST

By Ethel Armes

man, is at length coming into his own. same. He begins to rank with the first-class illustrators. His standing, both professional and social; his training; methods;

HE newspaper artist, hitherto no ideals; and, generally speaking, the remore nor less than reporter's hench-sults he gets, are practically one and the

> He is no longer a citizen of the nether world of art, answering no more to that epithet - the scorn of it - "neither a

soldier nor a sailor, but a marine!"
The whole situation has, in fact, turned turtle. He has a claim, and latterly it is becoming recognized.

The American public is getting from him today, citing the leading daily papers of the country, a service often singularly excellent, and, in a sense, remarkable. Remarkable, because so accurate and faithful a representation of daily life as is gotten by these men, of all the vast series of human interest stories that breed on unceasingly from night to night and day to day, is no light achievement. Today, in the majority of the great newspapers, the picture goes side by side with the written account.

It takes a certain athletic makeup in the workman, this business, having to do so with the quick. The manner of the training, the ways and means of the getting of his materials, and the artist's methods of handling the various big stories, conferences, conventions, courtroom scenes, strikes, murders, funerals, weddings, balls, banquets, Sunday feature work,—all this makes interesting reading.

In nine cases out of ten the successful newspaper artist of today, - this is not including the cartoonist or caricaturistis a product of the modern art school. He enters, usually at quite an early age, the elementary class, works gradually through the intermediate and antique to the life, serving, as he goes, apprenticeship to the streets. But it is a four to six years sweat under a skylight in Olympian company, -- ghosts if you will! -before he can so much as touch a banana cart and a "dago!" Yes, out of plaster cast, Phœbus Apollo and the rest, and all that is writ on Parthenon walls, are evolved the first working principles. To be steeped in them, then, mentally speaking, wrung out dry and put to fresh sunlight. In other words, to learn it-and forget it. That is to say, it is packed into the subconsciousness. Methods of work and handling, even in a touch-and go illustration, must be academic.

The newspaper artist, equally with the painter, looks for and must get sense of line, proportion, balance, composition,in a word, technique, as the law declares technique. His black and white handling is no go-as-you-please run, swiftly as it is achieved on a daily paper, but it is something that has been, if at all worth while, carefully trained for and is consistently managed. The ability to secure atmosphere, humor, pathos, individuality and suggestion, is, natually, matter of temperament, personality, a a certain power of subjective observation and vivid dramatic and color sense innate. There is usually somewhat of this in the newspaper artist after his several years with the Olympian company and his certainly curious contact with the intimacies of life. Yes, the catechism of the ancients is the first prop.

That this pale light of the antique should determine visions and handling of, say, a common, ordinary, up-to-date American court-room scene, may look a far cry for the fact, but there it is.

For example, here are some illustrations by the Boston Herald's star artist, Haydon Jones, taken as typical of the every-day work done by the modern American newspaper artist according to present day methods and the prescribed training.

This first sketch, the jury picture of the Tucker murder trial, exemplifies in perhaps every degree what has just been said regarding the artist's aims. Certainly it is a wielding together of spirit and technique. It is true to the life and at the same time academic in construction and handling. It is rather a fair piece of work taken all in all. Concerning it and the manner of getting it, Mr. Jones said in a recent interview:

"It took all day, about to get that; these court-room scenes have to be done on the spot. No faking here! You see, you have to wait for the second when



"The Jury"

those fellows forget everything - get tense, drawn, excited - then get to work, you understand! Then you make your picture straight from the living models. Now, see that fellow there with the big hand? He's a wheelwright. And that one standing, leaning 'way over, - he's a blacksmith. There's a plumber back of him-two plumbers,there's a grocer, and a lawyer, and that fellow at the end is a minister. To each one his own treatment-his own characteristics. What you have to do first of all is be right there, you understand,and stay there. Study your men. As I said,-draw on the spot.

"Some, maybe, think you are making one grand splurge, and 'rubber-neck' around—you know how they do. What's the odds! Let them rubber-neck! I say to myself, my business is to make a good picture for my paper, make the best that's in me to make, finish it and then hot-foot to the office! Just like you do with a story. Your mind's bent on what you have to get, you're for it and nothing else, your head's full of the idea, the relations, the atmosphere—the

characters, the color-just the same with an artist,-you see how I mean? And you want to seize the dramatic moment. For instance, in this picture you are looking at,-that is Professor Wood, expert Wood of Harvard, explaining to the jurymen about those knife-thrusts in the woman's clothing, and every word he lets go is hot shot, -see! That's the critical moment. I watched and waited all day for just that point. I wanted my men in that pose. I studied each one till I could get him when he took the position most natural to him under that excitement. Ah! There's nothing like the living models!"

It occasionally happens in newspaper work that the living models are pretty hard to get! The artist, like the reporter, must exercise ingenuity. And he must be able to catch a likeness, a character, in a lightning flash. And he must be always ready for rush work. At the time of the tragedy at Buffalo many a feat remarkable in the line of artists and reporters' work was done and passed unchronicled. Mr. Jones, whose picture of Czolgosz was at the time a notable

thing, remarked concerning his experience:

"Just as soon as we got word that McKinley was shot, off I was sent to Buffalo—to get Czolgosz, among a few other things, and Czolgosz couldn't be gotten. No artist or photographer, it seemed, could get into that jail for love

the first prisoner, the murdered girl's lover, was a picture that for realism, for tragedy, the sense of woe unutterable, was not surpassed. He had perhaps a two-minute glimpse of the unfortunate young man as he was hustled past be-



Attorney-General Parker and the Expert

or money—at first. Well, I hung on around there and at last I set up the fellows and persuaded them to handcuff me and take me in the jail as a prisoner and march me past Czolgosz so I could get a good look at him. And the good look had to serve in that instance for a rush picture."

In the recent horror of the suit-case murder in Boston, Mr. Jones' portrait of

tween two policemen, and achieved not only a likeness but the very inmost vein of pathos.

The illustration here of the Mary Rogers case, "The Plea for the Woman," is a picture out of life, and also used as an example of particularly rapid work.

"I had a time limit there," observed Mr. Jones; "a train to catch back to town to get my picture in on time, and the thing had to be done as near instantaneously as I could do it. I blocked it in on the spot, got my main issue, the two judges and the general character of the whole, and then worked it up and finished it on the train coming back. Of course that's another thing the newspaper artist has to learn—to do work on a fast-moving train."

Mr. Jones does most of his work with

those lithograph men! They're geniuses! And they are artists!"

Another element somewhat favorable to the newspaper artist is the sun of encouragement that invariably shines on his work. Public men, and citizens in general, observe closely and follow with rather unique interest the work of newspaper artists, of course, more or less as it bears upon them and their associates.

Mr. Jones' work is known from Maine



"Sam" McCall, friend of the oppressed (railways)

a plain lead pencil,—the Blaisdell pencil and a square of Steinbach. He usually starts and finishes his drawings right on the spot and seldom waits to round them up at the office. This, it may be said, is rather exceptional, and few without excellent training can do it.

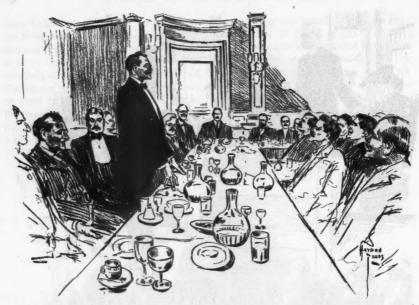
"One thing nowadays that's a big advantage to the artist is that his work, if care is taken, need not be all 'bunged up' in the process of reproduction. If his work is good, it tells! Some of to California. At all the big conferences and conventions, at every important trial, upon all occasions of municipal and national interest, there the Boston Herald sends Haydon Jones.

At the opening exercises of the International Peace Conference, in Boston, Mr. Jones drew, among his numberless portrait sketches, a picture of our late Secretary of State John Hay, so excellent as to call forth the high commendation of Secretary Hay and a special re-



quest to purchase the original. Mr. little remembrance gift, a silver match-Jones presented his drawing to Mr. box inscribed "To Haydon Jones from





District - Attorney William Travers Jerome of New York City (otherwise known as Bombastes Furioso) defying the world after dinner

with one sketch depicting the verbal fencing bout with the hand-writing expert E. B. Hay, that he wrote:

"I cannot too highly commend your remarkable skill in this most difficult line of portraiture. You have perfectly caught the humor, the atmosphere and the incident."

Although Mr. Jones' newspaper drawings have made his reputation thus with the public in general, it is his bookplate designs that have won for him a notable standing among artists in that special field. His own book-plate, depicting his favorite poet, Francois Villon, is one of the best, denoting with characteristic touch and much suggestion the bowed figure, lean and spare and intense, that is so deep a source of modern French art. That one for Mr. Arthur Brentano, "At the old book-stall" — vision of a Grub street day; the illuminated script of the Middle Ages, the patient

monk at work in monastic cell, belonging to Mr. George Leander French; those inscribed to Dr. Charles Cameron, Mr. Henry Havemeyer and Mr. Edward Lauterbach are all most excellent in design, scholarly and suggestive in character and perfectly artistic and complete in treatment. These, of course, much more carefully wrought than the daily news illustrations, represent considerably more time and thought.

Haydon Jones began when he could just about hold a pencil, and his father, a machinist by trade, put no stones in his son's way, though he cut no clearing to speak of.

"He would have liked to have been an artist himself, remarked the son, "and he wanted me to be one." Born thirty-four years ago in Cleveland, Ohio, where his father had settled some years before, Haydon Jones grew up fairly in the School of Design there. "Then

after I finished there," stated Mr. Jones, "I lit out for New York with a diploma,—a diploma," he repeated, for that seemed to strike his sense of humor. And he did not have much else beyond that diploma, either. He entered the League Life Class and lived a couple of years on half-rations and stuck to his brushes and pencils. Then, finally, the

"Can you draw? Well,— draw those newsboys on the World steps over there, then."

And he drew those newsboys on the World steps over there.

"Ah, that was the truck I was used to doing — all the kids, the life of the streets, the horses, the crowds, — that's what I liked to do."



John Hay addressing the International Peace Conference at Tremont Temple, Boston

to sea. He enlisted as deck hand in the Atlantic Coast Line service; roustabout from New York to Savannah and Savannah to New York and back again, over and many times over. Off hours in New York he searched the advertising columns. At last there was an advertisement for an artist, one who could "draw quick." Haydon Jones responded. He went to the office of the Mail & Express.

Haydon

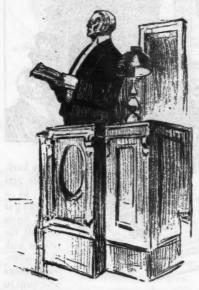
Iones went

So he landed his first job as a newspaper artist. So do they all, the fellows with the seven-league boots who want to make something of themselves. After but a

brief stay in New York, Haydon Jones accepted a better offer on the Chicago Times. Then he went West, clear to California, and he made his mark in 'Frisco. However, mirage of New York banked his horizon once again and he came over the States to the East once more. The early Spring of '98 found him in the office of the New York World. And the war breeze blowing!

"Ah! I was crazy! If they wouldn't send me to the front, I told 'em, I'd enlist, for I was bound to go. They talked over it a while and didn't come to a head, and I was preparing to go on my own hook, and one night—I remember it was raining pitchforks—I went down in my old brown ulster to the office and— 'Jones,— are you ready? Take the midnight train, then!' "Ready? You bet you! Off for south

-for Key West. I didn't stop for so



"Eliot of Harvard"

much as a collar; went just as I was in my old brown ulster. I was off to the front! Every night the World's boat went out from Key West, and I had the time of my life till—" Mr. Jones paused, "till I got captured by the Spaniards!"

That capture, by the way, was a long story told all over the world at the time, in scare-head type! "Haydon Jones, First American Prisoner of War!" The simple facts: Jones and another World man accompanied an



armed expedition into Cuba, and going ashore near Havana to reconnoiter they were captured, and after numerous hair-



breadth adventures were confined in the Cabanas fortress, where they stayed until their exchange was brought about.

"It is great now, looking back, but then I didn't expect to come out of it alive!" and Mr. Jones related how, one thrilling night on a plantation, he drew the portraits of the Spanish soldiers till daybreak.

"One after another they filed in, they



and their swords and their lanterns. 'No tomorrow—tonight!' they all cried, for they wanted the sketches then, and I thought I was drawing for my life!"

He dove down into the color of it! He took out his pictures of that time: fumes of Cuban tobacco and smell of Cuban brandy; clatter of boots and swords; look of Spanish soldier faces under Spanish soldier hats,—one word—adventure; that's what makes the



American newspaper artist, or any artist! We were in the front room of his house at Jamaica Plain, No. 4 Brewer



street, a turn or two from the big pond and full in the stretch of elms and maples. It was half-study, half-parlor; armor set in a spot or two; some rifles, Spanish guns, old flintlocks, Jap and Persian swords,—all got in the artist's wanderings. Two three-pounders from the Maria Theresa [Spanish cruiser sunk off Santiago] stood on the mantel-piece, a milk-white little mantel strangely pale for its warrior leaning!

Daniel Vierge-he and his Paris and

his white Orient—dreamed under the guns! There, the key, I perceived. As necessary as bread and wine, a master illustrator to have and hold in ken.

Then, too, Francois Villon was at table with us. We had just been listening to his stout and lusty imprecations upon "those vintners who put water in our wine." But now we put off the mediæval poet fellow a space and took up talk of the moderns.



THESE OUR GREAT

By Frank Putnam

ī

THERE is a quality in the general mind
Ignored by men who like the tiger prey
Upon their weaker fellows; rob and slay,
And in the hunt their dearest pleasure find.

A quality sweet as Mercy, pure as Youth,
Sterner than Death to those who dare its force;
Moving as sure as planets in their course,
Changeless and tireless as eternal Truth:

The quality of Justice, which not I

Nor you nor any other can evade;

Though long its solemn reckoning be delayed,

Each mortal must make answer ere he die.

We are judged by the full measure of our days;
Not by a late repentance and the giving
Of lavish gifts, nor by abstemious living
Can we turn detestation into praise.

H

I often wonder whether they ever pause
For silent self-inspection, these our great,
Pimping upon a prostituted State,—
Makers and breakers of convenient laws.

Have they forgotten or did they never know
How like Nemesis on the murderer's trail
The quality of Justice cannot fail
Early or late to touch both high and low?

However that be, forgotten or never known,

They are here and we must chain them or be chained:
Freedom is ours while it is hourly gained:
Only in battle can they be overthrown.

Unlike the proud, paternal ancient lord,
Drunken with gold and arrogantly blind
They cast off kinship with their common kind, —
Dreaded and hated, envied and abhorred.

By Elmore Elliott Peake

SALEM, ILLINOIS

ARCIA THORN sat on the front steps of the cottage, elbows on her knees, cheeks in her palms, brown hair lying in a heavy coil on the white curve of her neck. Her two children were asleep inside. A clump of honeysuckle, silvered by the light of the moon, stood at the edge of the walk, as motionless as a sentinel in the still air. The breath of hyacinths came up from the warm earth. Outside the picket fence the village street was as deserted as a country lane, though the court-house clock had only just struck eight. Afar off somewhere a piano was playing; and as the vague, attenuated notes, touched by the magic of night and distance, floated into the young woman's consciousness and became a part of her thoughts, her lashes glistened with tears.

It was three years now since Shiloh, where her husband was reported to have fallen. Andersonville and Libby prisons had opened their filthy maws and vomited forth what was left of the scarecrows in blue—ghastly, gangrenous caricatures of the men they once had been. A month and more had passed since Lee's surrender. But it was only today, when Company B, of the 113th Illinois, had come home, that Marcia Thorn relinquished the tenacious belief that she was still a wife—that her hubsand had not died on the field, but had been carried off to a Southern prison.

She and the rest of the village and the village band had gone to the railroad station to welcome the boys home; just as, nearly four years before, they had

gone to bid them goodbye. Sixty robust, spick-and-span young fellows had then gone away. Twenty-odd sallow, haggard, tattered men, old before their time, had come back today. stepped off the train; and, after receiving such kisses, tears and caresses as no military discipline could restrain, quietly fell into line for their last march - to the court-house, where a speech of welcome was to be made. But it was not the happy occasion that people had anticipated. Too many of the boys were missing; and as those that were left marched unassumingly along, with the noiseless, swift step which had carried them from Cairo to Washington, by way of a great arc through the heart of the Confederacy, the sight produced a tightness across Marcia's breast and made her throat ache.

After the speech she had talked with each of the members of the company about Rodney. They told her all they knew, which was not very much, and only what many of them had written to her months or even years before namely, that Rodney had fallen on the first day of carnage at Shiloh, and that, though his body could not be found after the battle, he must certainly have perished. It was just what everyone else - friends, neighbors, and even the secretary of war-had told her; and, as she turned away from the last member of the company, the spark of hope which had glowed fitfully and feebly in her breast, month after month for three years, was finally snuffed out.

"Poor, little, fatherless babes!" she had sobbed softly, as she laid chubby little Ethel, whom Rodney had never seen, beside her curly-headed brother.

As she sat on the steps, brooding over the past, it seemed but the other night that the court-house bell had rung out a solemn alarm which froze the blood in her veins. It was the day of Lincoln's call for men. Chains of steel could not have kept Rodney Thorn from that mass meeting, but he had promised Marcia not to enlist yet, agreeing with her that the unmarried men should go At that time southern Illinois, with her large population of Southern immigrants, had not yet found herself on the question of the war-though she soon magnificently atoned for her early lukewarmness - and the appeal of the Reverend Hosea Hodge for volunteers to save the Union was received by the audience with frigid silence. Rodney Thorn sprang to his feet and gave in his name. He explained it all to Marcia afterward, with tears of shame and rage in his eyes; and, though her heart sank at thought of his going to war, she called him her brave boy.

He marched away. Months passed. The savings which he had left behind for his little family-at first thought more than ample - began to dwindle. Little Ethel was born, making a big hole in the bank account - God bless Then came Shiloh - horrible, heart-breaking Shiloh-followed by the breathless scanning of death lists in every village and hamlet as the city papers percolated throughout the country, and by the passing from neighbor to neighbor of every letter received from . the front. A little later a few long, grewsome-looking boxes were received at the railroad station, and fortunate were those who thus got back their dead.

Marcia marveled now that she had lived through those days, when she went about with a rigid face, deaf to the church bells on a Sunday morning, doubting God, sitting mute through sympathizing neighbors' visits or fleeing to the garden to escape them, and doing her work as automatically as a machine. But, thank heaven, that evil spell had been removed. Though mourning for Rodney no less than at first, she had soon awakened to her duty to her children and those about her, and though clinging, with an obstinacy that puzzled and even provoked her friends, to the belief that her husband was still living, she was prepared for any proof to the contrary.

Today, therefore, the conviction that he was dead had come rather as a relief than as a shock. Yet her heart sank at the thought of facing the world alone, with her two babes. Rodney's savings had long since gone; the proceeds from the mortgage on her home were almost gone, and soon her home itself would be gone; for in spite of her best endeavors at fancy-work, sewing and baking bread and cakes for sale, she had not been able to live and keep up the interest on the mortgage.

The gate clicked and Sidney Wentworth came up the narrow, shell-bordered walk. She knew it was Sidney without looking up, for in the past three years—and the last six months especially -his step had become a familiar one. As cashier of the bank and Rodney Thorn's bosom friend, he had naturally become Marcia's adviser and business agent in her husband's absence. He had negotiated her mortgage-at a very low rate of interest, she had since learned; he had written letters by the score to establish beyond question that Rodney was either dead or alive, and he had even made a trip to Washington for that purpose.

He sat down on the step below the one occupied by Marcia, with the easy manner of an habitual visitor. She had greeted him with a quiet "Good evening, Sid," without changing her graceful, relaxed posture. "I interviewed all the members of Company B today," said she after a moment.

"So did I," he answered.

"And you believe-" She paused for his answer.

"I believe what I have believed for three years, Marcia. Rodney is dead. Can you still think otherwise?"

She slowly shook her head.

"No. I must believe it, too. My babes and I are alone. The little dears haven't even a grandparent." Her voice broke slightly.

"Do you feel alone, Marcia, after all your friends have done for you?—after all / have done?" asked Wentworth, reproachfully.

"You know what I mean, Sidney,"

she answered pensively.

For a moment he studied her sharp, beautiful profile, and the rich, warm coils of hair half submerging her ear. The hand on her cheek, with its plain band ring, had never looked so white, so small and delicate before, so insufficient to parry the blows of the world.

"Marcia," he began, in a voice not quite steady, "you need not be alone in even the sense you meant. Haven't you guessed my secret? Haven't you guessed that I love you? I do love you, dear, and have loved you for a long, long time — perhaps even before I had right to do so. But surely I have the right now, and the right to tell you of it, and to ask you to become my wife."

He saw with a sense of relief that her expression scarcely changed — that she was not shocked. Instead, she reached out and broke off a sprig of syringa, in apparently a matter-of-fact way. Yet her fingers shook.

"It would be unwomanly in me to affect surprise, Sidney," said she in a low voice. "I have foreseen this moment—I hope it was not an immodest assumption. I have tried to think how I should meet it. But I couldn't decide. I can't decide now. I—I value your

love. I can't tell you how much. But I can never return it, Sidney. I love you as a dear, dear friend who has never faltered in my time of need. But as a wife I could not love you. All that I could ever give you would be the poor remnants of what I have lavished on another man—your friend and my husband."

"Those poor remnants, as you call them, are all that I ask," he returned. I would rather have them than the full, unbroken measure of any other woman's love."

She gave him a quick, grateful glance through misty eyes, and allowed him to take her hand.

"This is all so sacred and so dear to me, Sidney. But I cannot allow you to cheat yourself. The fingers you hold contain my wedding ring. If I had lost that ring any time these three years back, I believe I could have accepted the loss as a sign from heaven that the hand which placed it on my finger was in the grave—if they gave him a grave." Her tears began to fall. "But I could never take that ring off; and as long as it's on—Oh, Sidney, suppose I should marry you and he should return!" She shuddered and covered her eyes with her hands.

"I shouldn't want you ever to take that ring off, Marcia," he answered. "I should prefer that you leave it on. But as to Rodney's returning, do you suppose that I am any more willing than yourself to take any chances on such a ghastly contingency? And to place it beyond human possibility, I should be willing to wait a year—two years—three years, before we married, if you saw fit. And three years are a long time to wait for one you love."

"I know it well," said she, with a fluttering sigh. He knew that she alluded to her three years' wait since Shiloh. "There is a sweet reasonableness about you, Sidney, that almost persuades me," she continued, in a mellow

voice. "It tempts me to try to make some return for all your kindness. But my gratitude is not what you want. What you want is my love; and, alas, I have no love to offer you. My heart is an empty altar whose sacrifice has been already burnt. Only ashes are left."

"Then give me those ashes, Marcia," he entreated, again taking her hand. She smiled at him, tenderly, sorrowfully. "I can't, Sidney!" she protested.

He was silent for a moment, doubtful about speaking what was in his mind. Then it came out.

"Before you say you can't, Marcia, think of this: You have two children to feed and clothe and send to school. I don't doubt your ability to do it. But it would mean a ceaseless struggle for you. It would be a pitiful waste of energy, for you were made for lovelier and holier things than earning a livelihood. As my wife, relieved of this drudgery, think how much more you could do for your children, yourself and all about you."

"You ask me to sell myself, Sidney!" said she accusingly.

"I do not. I should never try to buy you. You are not the kind that can be bought, and if you were I should not want you. I speak of these things only because they are facts which must be considered; and which, loving you as I do, I have often considered."

Marcia slowly reduced to bits the twig between her fingers. The cheek toward Wentworth was flushed and in the pale light he could see that her eyes glistened. They were large, soulful, lustrous eyes, and the suitor's heart quickened when they turned full upon him, searchingly, questioningly, appealingly.

"Can a woman, for the sake of her babes, lawfully wed a man she does not love?" she asked.

"She can-if he is willing."

Again she seemed to be trying to read his very soul.

"You wouldn't tell me that unless you believed it?"

"No-not even to win you."

She clapped her hands to her face again, so as to hide her eyes.

"Oh, Sidney, I don't know whether I can ever think of Rodney's being dead! And tonight, talking thus with you, I feel somehow as if I were disloyal to him—as if he would have waited for me longer than I have waited for him. But give me a week, Sidney, and I shall try to answer you. Don't come to see me for a week."

II

She sat on the steps until his footfalls had died away, leaving the street silent and lifeless. Never before had his departure left her quite so lonely. He had given her hand such a firm, masculine, confident grasp in leaving! Yielding is such a sweetly perilous thing to a woman, and for a little while her fancy ran riot in a vision of golden dreams. Then Rodney's careless, laughing face flashed before her and a revulsion took place.

"He went and Sidney stayed!" she murmured, solemnly.

She entered the house. A lamp was burning in the bedroom; and, stationing herself at the foot of the smaller bed, like some exquisite statue of maternity, she soberly studied the rosy faces of her sleeping children.

"He would be their father!" she murmured. "They would grow up remembering no other. And their real father, my darling Rodney—" A sob choked her voice.

On her dresser was a photograph of Rodney. Beside it was a musket-ball which had lodged in the butt of his gun at the battle of Belmont. He had sent it home as a souvenir, with some playful remark about lightning never striking twice in the same place, and affecting to regard his close call as a good omen. Not so with Marcia. It had been days

before she could look at the ugly, battered piece of lead without turning faint. It would have made such a ghastly hole in a white, tender breast like Rodney's!

During the trying days of indecision that followed, Rodney's eyes, looking at her from the dresser morning and night as she robed and disrobed, seemed to contain a mute appeal. Sometimes, so strong was this appeal, she would seize the picture and, covering it with tears and kisses, exclaim passionately: "No, darling, I will not marry him! You went and he stayed!"

But the faces of the sleeping children at her back contained an appeal of another kind. Dire poverty was their lot unless she did marry. Already she had been forced to an economy in the matter of the little ones' clothing which made her cheeks burn with humiliation.

One afternoon a tall, gaunt fellow in faded blue, whom Marcia recognized as a member of Company B, came up the cottage walk, passed around to the side door, like a delivery boy, and timidly rapped. He would not sit down, but stopped just inside the door, uneasily revolving his cap in his hand as he talked.

"I heerd, mem, after I seen you the other day, that you still had a suspicion that Rodney-Mr. Thorn, I should say - might yet be alive. So I thought that mebbe it was my duty to come around and tell you something that I didn't mention the other day-not wishin' then to harrow up your feelin's. Rodney-Mr. Thorn-was my left mate in the rank. We was chargin' a little clump of trees and bresh, where the Johnnies had been a-poppin' it to us like a nest of hornets. All of a suddint, Rodney goes down - so quick that I thought he must have tripped on a vine. But he kind of twisted and turned as he fell, and lit on his back with his face up to the sun-"

He paused in distress at Marcia's sudden pallor. She hastily stepped to the sideboard and poured herself a glass of water with an unsteady hand.

"Go on, please," she said, resolutely. "I seen he had a kind of surprised look on his face, like men have when they're hit suddint, you know. His eyes was dazed-like, too, and he didn't make no effort to git up. I didn't stop-I couldn't, you know," he added, apologetically. "But as I passed on I heerd him say somethin' that sounded kind of like an oath. You know he used to swear-like-a little-in a kind of amiable, winnin' way-though I don't suppose he ever did around home," he hastened to add. "I thought he said you'll excuse me, mem, for repeatin' it - I thought he said, 'Gone, by God!' But I kept studyin' about it all day, when I had time, for his face kind of ha'nted me, and it didn't seem as though that was just what he said. We couldn't look up his body that night, because the Johnnies had driv us back a piece. But happened to hear one of the boys say that Rod sometimes used to call his wife 'Dot'. Then it flashed over me that what he said was 'Goodbye, Dot!' which was more natural-like, under the circumstances."

He paused with a delicacy which his uncouth exterior had given no hint of, when Marcia pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. Then he went on sympathetically, but with the firmness of one who has looked upon whole acres of human dead:

"The next day—it was a Monday, I ricollect—we retook that patch of ground from the Johnnies and fit till dark. The next mornin' I got permission to look for Rod among the dead. But I couldn't find him, as I told you the other day. Of course he might have crawled over to some bushes that was near and—excuse me—died there. But if he did, some of our boys buried him before I got there, or else the Johnnies buried him the day before. But the reason I think one or t'other thing happened,

and that he was buried—to say nothin' of your not hearin' from him since—is because I seen his sperit that night. Yes, mem, his sperit,'' he repeated at her start. "It was standin' right at the flap of my tent, as plain as you be before me now. It was so plain that I thought at first it must be bim. But when I jumped up he just smiled in that sweet way of his'n and melted away like mist. I believe, mem, he come to set my mind at rest about his bein' dead, and I hope it will your'n."

In the morning Marcia wrote the following to Sidney Wentworth:

"If you can believe, Sidney, what I have told you—that I have as yet no love to offer you, but only admiration and esteem, together with the profoundest gratitude; if you are willing to take me on these terms, and become a father to my children, I am willing to marry you. I have asked God to show me the way, and I pray that I have read his answer aright. Our future happiness will depend on ourselves; and, believe me, if I did not think I saw a beautiful sun of Promise pushing above the horizon, this letter would be of a different tenor."

She intended to mail the letter at once, so that Sidney could call that night. But, faltering before the irrevocable step, she put the mailing off until noon. At noon, she put it off till evening; then, after a final attack of irresolution, she started for the postoffice with a fast-beating heart. She paused at the gate with maternal solicitude, for a final glance at the house, where she was leaving her sleeping babes alone for a few minutes.

III

Half an hour earlier, perhaps, a shabby figure, but with a wild rose in the lapel of his coat, approached the village along one of its dusty highways. His trousers were torn to tatters at the bottom. His calico shirt was collarless. His right sleeve lacked four or five in-

ches of covering the thin, brown wrist which protruded from it. His left sleeve was empty and doubled back and pinned to his shoulder.

His face was sallow and wasted, and he looked sick. Yet the brim of his slouch hat was jauntily cocked up on one side, and there was a brightness in his eye and a sprightliness about his movements which belied these signs. He walked, in fact, with a swiftness such as no tramp, for whom he might have been mistaken, ever mustered. Yet nothing along the roadside seemed to escape him, although dusk was already falling and lamps being lighted; and when he reached the first straggling houses of the village, with their spacious yarns, gardens and barns, he occasionally paused for scrutiny.

At the third house on the right side a girl was milking. He recognized the milkmaid and stood for an instant with his hand on the fence, tempted to hail her. He wanted to ask her a question. But the first word on the tip of his tongue—"Marcia"—brought a peculiar faintness over him and he passed on. If anything had happened, he could bear better to hear it later.

Yet, in spite of his suspense, how sweet, how divinely sweet it was to be home again! His heart quickened with affection for the very trees; and when he reached an old elm on which he knew that his initials and a certain other person's, beginning with M, were carved, he threw his one arm about the trunk and pressed his cheek to the rough bark. Then, as if ashamed of this display, he glanced shyly about him to see if he had been observed, and moved on.

Could it be only three and a half years that he had been gone! There was little or no change, to be sure, in the village street; but he had a strange, Rip Van Winkle-like feeling, as if decades might have slipped by since he last looked upon this dear, familiar scene. He began to wonder if the same people he used to

know still lived in these houses. Half alarmed at the thought, he paused in front of the Darrells' fine old home and strained his eyes for some reassuring sign. Yes! There was one of the girls—she looked like Letty, only a little older—dressed in white and lying in a hammock, reading by the fading light. She had been among the last to bid him goodbye at the station. How glad she would be to grasp his hand again, now that he was back from the war! But that must wait.

He met several people, all of whom he knew. But they did not recognize him in the dusk and his shabby garb and sunken cheeks. So he did not speak. His heart thrilled at the sight of each, and his palm itched for a handshake. But all this, too, must wait. There was a more urgent matter ahead.

As he approached the vicinity of his home, even before he could make out the shrubbery which hung over the fence, an unexpected weakness assailed him. Sinking down upon an opportune horseblock, he removed his hat from his matted, auburn hair and wiped the dew from his brow. Then he smiled bravely, through white lips, at this foolishness, as he called it.

But how many, many times, while lying in the squalid prison at Mobile, had he dreamed of thus coming home along this very street, in just this way! And later, on the West Indian isle, where a Spanish merchantman had heartlessly abandoned him and a fellow stowaway with whom he had broken prison, how often, during those maddening months of helplessness, had he pledged his soul to the God, devil, angel or fiend who would vouchsafe him one more glimpse of that little, sacred, embowered cottage, and one more caress from the precious ones within! now that home was at hand, just beyond the next two houses! And he, Rodney Thorn, with no devil's lien on his soul, was soon to see his wife and child-and

possibly another little one of whose existence he had received only a hint.

But was he? Perhaps Marcia had died of a broken heart. Perhaps little Robbie had died. Possibly they had starved. Or maybe, to satisfy her child's hunger, Marcia had sold the cottage and gone away to the city to make a living, and strangers were now gathered about his hearthstone. Maybe, as he had dreamed with cruel frequency, the house had burned down. Maybe the little front yard was choked with weeds and the garden had become an abandoned thicket.

These torturing thoughts goaded him to his feet again. He was on the same side of the street as the cottage; but he crossed over in order that the revelation, whatever it should prove to be, might come more gradually. He could not bear a shock now. So, for fifty or sixty feet, still fighting his weakness off, he pulled himself along by the pickets. A passing citizen eyed him suspiciously and prudently kept the opposite side of the walk. For an instant the tottering man thought of appealing for help; but in the months gone by he had made too many such appeals in vain, and gritting his teeth he dragged himself another Then, panting and gripping a picket with all his strength, he peered dimly across the street.

There was the fence!—if it was not a trick of his crazy brain. There was the bridal-wreath bush, white with bloom! And there—thank God!—was the house! And a lamp shining from his bedroom window! But wbose lamp? And was it still bis bedroom—and hers? Once more the chill returned.

But at that moment a figure in white appeared at the gate—a figure whose beloved outlines not even the darkness of the night added to the darkness of his brain could obscure. He staggered across the street like a drunken man. At his approach Marcia shrank from the gate, and when the grotesque figure

stopped directly opposite her, swaying and groping for some support, she gave a little cry of alarm. Then the drunken, one-armed tramp quietly sank to the ground.

Was it some familiar gesture which he unconsciously made as he went down? Or did some hearthstone angel whisper a hint of the truth in Marcia's ear? With blanched face she gently forced open the gate, which his prostrate body had blocked, and slipped her form through. Stooping, still shrinkingly and half fearfully, she pushed back the brim of the dusty old hat until the face beneath was exposed to view.

She uttered a short, sharp scream, sprang to her feet, and glanced wildly up and down the street for help. Then, with a calm as sudden as her agitation had been, she lifted the fallen figure in her arms—it was pathetically light—and carried it into the house.

She laid it on a couch, lit a lamp and flew for the brandy bottle. When she returned, Rodney's eyes were open and he was smiling at her, faintly and wanly, but still with a trace of his old tender roguishness. Unaided, he placed the bottle to his lips, took a swallow and then set the bottle on the floor.

"Kiss me!" he whispered huskily.

With a little wail of joy, which must certainly have reached to heaven, Marcia threw her arms about his neck and began to sob. For a long time neither spoke, while Rodney, slowly and with a strange, far-away look on his face, stroked her hair.

"This isn't a dream, is it, dear?" he asked.

"No, darling."

"Heaven may be sweeter than this, Marsh," he murmured after a moment, "but I doubt it."

She kissed him again.

"Is Robbie alive and well?" he asked, after another pause.

"Yes, and such a fine big boy that

you won't know him!" she exclaimed happily.

"Is there another one? You wrote me at Pittsburgh Landing—it was the last letter I got—that you—" He ceased, half in doubt.

"Yes—a little girl, and her name is Ethel," said she, smiling tenderly. Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful present I shall have for her in the morning! A father!" And she hugged him ecstatically.

"I'm afraid she'll think you got him at a remnant counter," said he, ruefully, raising to a sitting posture. "Take me to them."

It was not till then, in her flustrated condition, that Marcia noticed his missing arm. Her face grew gray with horror; and with a stifled cry of pity—the sweetest sound, Rodney thought, ever vouchsafed the ears of a man—she passionately wound her arms about his neck and drew her body, a-quiver with love, tight against his breast.

"Oh, my hero, my soldier boy!"

Gently he led her to the bedroom. As they stood at the foot of the little bed, she clinging to his arm, the tears ran abundantly down his withered cheeks.

"I can't realize it all yet, Marsh," he said. "Don't blame me if I act strangely for a few days. It will take some time to make sure that it isn't only another dream. I won't try to tell you now what I have suffered—how I have prayed for death—how many times I have fainted from hunger—how many thousand miles I have walked. It makes no difference now, after all," he added, with his cheery, brave smile. "It's past. Thank God, it's past."

At that instant Marcia's letter to Sidney Wentworth slipped from her bosom to the floor.

"Love letter?" asked Rodney, with gentle mischievousness.

Marcia suddenly grew white as death.
"Oh, husband, be merciful and forgive
me! It is a love letter to Sidney Went-

worth. I believed—we all believed you dead. He has been so good and kind; the money from the mortgage is almost gone—we were going to wait a year—two years—three years more for you to come back. And for the sake of the little ones—believe me, darling, for them only—I have promised to marry him."

He looked at her dumbly. "Marry him!" he repeated softly, in a tone that stabbed her to the heart.

"Yes. But, oh, read it-read it!"

she begged of him, in an agony of remorse, placing the letter in his hand his poor, one, cold hand which she yearned, mother-like, to warm in the cosy depths of her breast, close to her heart.

He unfolded the sheet clumsily. As he read, his eyes grew tender. Then, letting the paper flutter to the floor, he drew Marcia close to his side again.

"Poor, brave, little girl!" said he, kissing her agitated lips. "And poor, faithful Sid!"

The KNOTS of BLUE and GRAY

By May Elliott Hutson

MCPHERSONVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

BOTH, Mothers of America, but reared the States apart,
One with the Winter on her head, the Winter in her heart,
One crowned with never-melting snows, a grave within her breast,
But in that grave the dove of Peace had made its little nest.
In soft, low tones they murmured on, of joys and sorrows past,
And then with gentle hands they touched a tender theme at last.
One wore a little tuft of gray — gray with its soft, sad hue,
The other carried on her breast a knot of Yankee blue.

"Why wear this token next my heart?" The Northern mother smiled, And stroked the fragment on her breast as if it were a child. "In blue our Lord has clothed the skies, and robed the tropic seas; From azure fields our banner throws its spangles to the breeze. In blue the mountain drapes her head, while through the mists and dew Shines, like a baby's, from her breast the gentian's eye of blue. When, years agone, the simoon's breath smote all our fairest flowers, When earthquakes rent and tempests tore this God-made land of ours.

When Maine and Massachusetts called, amongst the brave and true Who answered 'Here,' I gave them one who wore a coat of blue. When, gory-maned, the beast of War charged through Virginia's hills With dripping blood that stained the rocks and dyed the mountain rills; When, bellowing with rage and hate, he shook that bloody mane, And tore the ranks with cruel teeth upon Manassas' plain, They found amid the mangled heap of victims whom he slew A soldier, from whose boyish breast they cut this slip of blue.''

The Southern mother bowed her head, a prayer rose to the throne, For Christ, the Comforter, to seek this heart so like her own, Then lifted up her fair old face, bejewelled with a tear, And touched her bosom with a knot of gray that rested there. "In gray our Lord has dressed the mists, and wrapped the twilight sea, Gray are the ashes of the dead, gray is the hue for me. Like silent specters grayly swathed, behold the Southern moss. Gray was the face that heaven turned on Calvary and the Cross. It is the tint of human tears, the hue of parting day; If broken hearts are ever seen their color will be gray."

A sob of memory arose, it shook the Southern breast, And lo! the timid dove of Peace was frightened from its nest. Slow dripped the sad and silent drops, and wet the gray knot through, While opposite a soft stream fell, and wet the knot of blue. When next that Southern mother spoke, the voice was not her own. The desolation of her heart was echoed in her tone. "When pealed from Sumter's battlements the War-God's awful voice, And men and States were called by Fate to make the final choice, I had but one — a child he seemed — my dead love's legacy, The only living, human thing that earth contained for me. I trampled on my selfish heart, I drove my tears away, And with my own hands buttoned on my darling's coat of gray. It matters not the agony, the love, the prayers, the pride, The awful throes that racked my heart, for later on — it died. But when upon Virginia's hills they turned the gory clay, They brought me from a soldier's breast this little slip of gray."

With trembling, sympathetic hands, and voice that shook with tears,
The Northern mother quickly spoke of forms that thronged the years,
Of Jackson, Lee and all the host, whose glory and renown
Like blazing jewels — set in gray — adorn the nation's crown.
Of these she spoke — then silently she brushed a tear away,
And bending forward, pressed a kiss upon the knot of gray.
The Southern mother raised her face, and slowly over all
A soft light, as from white wings in their passage, seemed to fall.
It rested in her eyes, despite the grave within her breast —
The little frightened dove of Peace had fluttered to its nest.

THE LAWYER AND THE

Kalvin Johnson

N the four years that he had occupied offices in the big trust company building this was Morrison's first visit to the place after business hours. It was about ten o'clock when he dropped off the car in front of the many-storied pile, which loomed silent and shadowy into the night.

A paper left in his desk was necessary to the transaction of a business matter that was to call him out of town on an early train the next morning. The deserted marble vestibule suggested a mausoleum. Rousing the night elevator man, who sat dozing in his cage, Morrison was quickly lifted to the twelfth On his way up he caught glimpses of janitors at work on the various floors and heard them whistling as they went about their duties. The squeaking of furniture, the metallic clatter of cuspidors and the occasional bang of a door resounded throughout the building.

He had been to the theater, and at tardy recollection of the paper had cut the last act. The pockets of his evening clothes lacked the means of entrance to his office. A man carrying a pound or more of keys at the end of a chain came and unlocked a glass-panelled door bearing the sign, "S. Morrison, Attorney." A click of an electric button and the room, which formed the first of a suite, was illuminated. Lighting his way as he went, the attorney passed on into an interior apartment, where his private desk was located.

humor over the necessity of his errand. Lately he had begun to show an irritableness growing out of a certain dissatisfaction with himself. He could not exactly define it, but he missed the old enthusiasm he used to feel in his work before sacrificing his general practice to that of a corporation lawyer. The latter often involved tactics which were not up to his earlier standards. The implied attitude of the several large interests that he served, of owning him, conscience and all, awakened a spirit of resentment, which could not be altogether soothed by the fact that he had trebled his income and was well on the way toward affluence.

While Morrison was searching for the mislaid document one of the cleaning force, a robust-appearing fellow, came into the room, carrying a broom and a large empty basket.

"I will be out of your way in a minute, janitor," said the attorney carelessly, after a glance.

The man, in the act of retreating, hesitated at the door and gazed in a half-amused, half-nervous way at the speaker. There was apparently nothing about the attorney to arouse such feeling. He was a keen but affable-looking person of forty-five years, of rather handsome features, a little stout in figure and having an air of prosperity. Except that his opera hat sat rakishly on the back of his head, his general appearance was conventional enough.

The fellow turned as if to go, then Morrison was not in an especially good paused again, and with sudden resolution exclaimed, "All right, Sammy!"

Morrison was in the act of closing his desk. The roll-top slipped from his fingers and he turned upon the janitor as if struck. It had been years since he had heard that name. In the brief space of time required to reach the man, who stood doubtfully, leaning against the door-frame, the office and its luxurious appointments faded away. In their place was a quaint, sleepy old town, with a background of green hills. The picture aided him some as he peered into the somewhat embarrassed, smiling face.

"Joe Stephens!" cried the attorney.

"I didn't think you would recognize me so easily," was the response, given in a laughing but still restrained tone.

There was nothing of the cad about Morrison. He fairly hugged the fellow, in spite of his workingman's dress. "Joe, I'm tickled to death to see you, but what are you doing here—what in the name of goodness"— Morrison stood off and pointed at the broom.

"I suppose it's what you call trying to make an honest living."

"Why, I thought you were in the West and doing well. The last I heard of you, you were in the manufacturing business."

"The bottom dropped out of it and I came back," said the man, with a slight wince.

"How long have you been working here?"

"About two months."

"And never came in to see me?"
There was genuine reproach in Morrison's tone.

"I didn't dream of it being you, until a week or two ago, when I learned it by accident."

"Why didn't you come then?"

"I wanted to, the worst way, and yet I hated to," said Stephens, hesitatingly. "I sleep in daytime, and then it had been so long since we'd met, and you're so fine here, I didn't know

just whether you'd care - that is-"

"You dirty dog, you!"

"No, I didn't really believe that," Stephens hastened to add, "but when a fellow is down at the heel it makes him sensitive about hunting up old friends. Anyway, I felt that we would run into each other sometime natural-like, just as we have tonight. I couldn't have enjoyed anything better than this. Some afternoon, when you are not too busy, I want to come up and have a good talk with you." The two men had dropped into chairs. Stephens arose to his feet.

"Where are you going now?" asked

the attorney.

"I have a lot of work to do yet to-

night."

"See here, Joe Stephens!" exclaimed Morrison, giving the basket in front of him a kick, "the owners of this building are my clients. The superientendent is directly responsible to me. Technically, I'm the head janitor, and I want you to understand that you are fired, right now, so you might as well sit down again. I am going to fix you for something decent."

"Hold on, now, Sam!" said Stephens, resuming his seat, "I don't want you to feel that I'm expecting anything of that kind; not offhand, anyway. Wait a while."

"The idea of cleaning my rooms," continued Morrison; "I'm ashamed to look you in the face. Why, your folks used to keep us in milk, after father died, and we were blamed glad to get it, too. Do you remember that cow of yours, old Baldy? My! but she used to give good milk!"

"Yes, and we'd both go to the pasture after her in the evenings. She seemed almost as much your cow as she did

ours."

"Sometimes your sister Elsie would cry to go along, and I would lead her by the hand, for I was always fond of her," said Morrison tenderly. "Ah, Joel I've never forgotten. It was my last year in college, you know, when she died. I tell you, it knocked the ambition out of me for a while. I have a good wife, Joe; I love her; we are happy, but there is one feeling a man never experiences but once in a lifetime."

"You've been getting along fine, haven't you, Sam?" said Stephens, after

a little pause.

"Better, I expect, than I deserve, Joe. It was a struggle for the first few years, but I have worked into a good practice and have been able to accumulate a

little something."

"I'm glad to hear it. You always were smart, and square, too. Anybody would know, just to see you, that you were prospering. You certainly look sporty in that rig," added Stephens, with a gleam in his eye. "When I spied you sitting there in the chair, so swell, I couldn't help saying 'Sammy,' for the life of me."

"Don't guy me like that, Joe!" protested Morrison, chuckling. "You were thinking of how I used to look in those Sunday pants mother cut down for me out of brother Ike's. I used to want her to take a reef in them, but she was afraid of spoiling them for Charley, who was coming on and was stout, like Ike. Those pants always embarrassed me, and I just hurried up and grew out of them lengthways." Both men laughed until the tears stood in their eyes.

"You're the same old Sam!" cried Stephens, enthusiastically, his restraint

entirely gone.

"I haven't had such a good, old-fashioned laugh for I don't know when —just like when we were boys, Joe. But to be serious, tell me about yourself. "You're married? No one I know? Three children! I've only got two. Living on the fifth floor of a flat building? I own a little house up my way that is just spoiling for a good tenant. Country air and quiet surroundings. Tomorrow I'll be out of town, but

Thursday I am going to have you and Mrs. Joe up to dinner, and we can talk it over then. Eh? I'll bet you four dollars you'll come or there will be trouble. Nonsense! You will look good enough for me, whatever you wear. My wife will be just as glad to have you as I will; I've often talked to her about you. She's got sense, and any friends of mine are friends of hers."

The attorney rattled on, in his impulsive way, hardly allowing his companion opportunity for reply. "Now, about that business affair of yours! Give me the particulars; maybe I can be of ser-

vice to you."

"Well, it's quite a long story," said Stephens, thoughtfullly, "but I'll give you the general facts, as a matter of interest. I am much obliged to you, Sam, for your offer of help, but the matter is past mending. I suppose my going broke is a good deal my own fault, anyway. I contracted a bad habit after I went West."

"It wasn't whiskey, was it, Joe?" interrupted Morrison.

"No; that's something that never bothered me."

"I was sure it couldn't be that with you," said the attorney, "but what put the idea into my head was that I heard that Dick Chalmers had taken to drink and was almost a wreck-had run through with the money he got from his father's estate. I'll tell you who told me-you remember Albert Fawcett, who used to run a shoe store on the corner of the square? I happened to meet him on the train not long ago. It seems that Dick is living in Denver, and Fawcett had been out there visiting his brother-in-law. I was awful sorry to hear such a thing about Dick. He was always such a steady, level-headed fellow. you, there was not a boy in Mowry to whom I was more attached. You know how we three used to run around together. I thought possibly you might have happened on to Dick while you were in the West."
"Dick is a part of the story," said
Stephens, quietly. "My failing was
speculating. I had a pretty good start
on a ranch, but traded it off for mining
stock, not the wildcat kind, but something that would have made me money
if I hadn't let it go again. I was first
into one thing and then another, sometimes coming out ahead and sometimes
losing.

"As part of a real-estate deal, I got hold of a little factory that had suspended operations for lack of capital. It was equipped for making a line of brass specialties. I had no idea what to do with it, except to trade it off again. One day while in Denver I happened to run across Dick Chalmers. He was out there for his lungs and was feeling so much better that he had concluded to stay. I mentioned the factory to him, incidentally, and he got interested at once. He was looking for a small investment and knew something about the manufacturing business. The plant was located about fifty miles from Denver and he went down with me to investigate the proposition. As a result we fixed up a partnership arrangement.

"Dick is a hustler, and it wasn't long before we were selling our goods faster than we could make them. We kept putting in more machinery and increasing the size of the plant, until finally every dollar we both had in the worldwhich wasn't an enormous sum - was tied up in it. Things were beginning to come easy when some parties in the East here, who were forming a trust, wanted to buy us out. Their offer was liberal enough, \$50,000 in cash, and I suppose we made a mistake in not accepting it. Dick felt that the business had a big future, and as this was a free country, we didn't have to sell unless we wanted to.

"Well, the trust went after us roughshod. They kept spies on where we shipped our goods and took our customers away from us by cutting prices. The worst, though, was the way they persecuted us in the courts, claiming infringements of patents, getting out injunctions and the like. What their lawvers didn't think of wasn't worth while. We stayed with them as long as we could, but they had too much money for us. We were both cleaned out. Dick went back to Denver, almost brokenhearted, and got a job as draughtsman. I guess he has been drinking consider-He first got started at it on account of his lung trouble, but was straight as a string all the time we were together. I think now it's more discouragement than anything else, and that he would be all right if he could get on his feet again. That isn't likely, though. He has lost his nerve.

"I scraped together a few hundred dollars and came East. Father and mother are getting up in years and they wanted to see the grandchildren. We didn't care to worry the old folks with our troubles, and so didn't say anything about them, but after a month's visit we came here, where I could get work and not be so far away from home. I found things pretty dull, and when I stumbled onto this job I took it as a makeshift, until I could have a chance to look around."

Morrison, sunk deep in his chair and with his eyes fixed upon the other man's face, had listened quietly, except to ask an occasional question concerning names and dates. He remained silent for a time after Stephens had finished, as though carefully weighing the matter. Suddenly he roused himself and leaned forward.

"Joe, you have got a good case, much better than you think. There are plenty of grounds for a damage suit, but I wouldn't advise that, as it would involve too much litigation. If you are willing to settle on the \$50,000 basis, I can get it for you."

"Willing!" cried Stephens, excitedly.

"I'd be glad to take anything, but I don't see how—"

"Leave that to me. I have had dealings with these people myself, and there are certain reasons why they cannot afford to turn me down when I present the matter to them in the proper light. This lawyer of theirs is a person with whom I think I have some influence. I am better acquainted with him than I am with you. He used to consider himself a pretty decent sort of fellow, if he was a lawyer, and I am satisfied that he wants to feel that way again. It is only charitable to say that he never would have had a hand in such dirty business if the facts had not been misrepresented to him, but that don't excuse him. Lawyers, in their zeal to serve rich clients, easily get the habit of not looking very carefully into the morals of a proceeding. Anyway, you and Dick are going to get your money."

Morrison could not bring himself to the point of actually making a confession. Some other time he would have the courage. There was no question, however, about the restitution part of it. Should his efforts with the company fail, he would pay every dollar of it out of his own pocket.

"There, now, Joe! I don' blame you for being a little broken up over the prospect of having your money again—it must have been a hard strain on you—but I won't listen to any gratitude talk, not now. When this thing is all fixed up and you know the whole story, if you feel like shaking hands over it and saying, 'Sammy, you're all right!' that will satisfy me.

"Only one thing more, Joe. Next Monday I am going to start for Denver, and you have got to go along. We will find Dick and get him on his feet again."

CAPTAIN EMERY'S REVENGE

By Ernest McGaffey

Author of "Sonnets to a Wife," "Poems of Rod and Gun," etc.
LEWISTOWN, ILLINOIS

CAPTAIN EMERY WILSON was a retired sea-dog with a penchant for literature. He had in early youth read extensively and scribbled industriously, and all through his strenuous maritime career the dream of winning fame and fortune with his pen had never forsaken him. Indeed, even in the midst of his cruises he kept a journal, in which he jotted down his thoughts and experiences, and wrote his rhymes, for

the captain was versically as well as prosily inclined.

But there came a day when his voyages were over, and he retired at the age of fifty-three to a modest competence. But while the years had passed the half-century mark with him, his heart was as youthful and his spirit as sanguine as in the heyday of his twenties. His longing to be an author was stronger than ever, and in these his leis-

ure days he worked unceasingly on his compositions. The captain had touched at numberless ports and acquired a smattering of many foreign tongues. He had experienced moving accidents by flood and field, and had even passed one year in the interior on a Colorado ranch, where he had roughed it with the cowboys and acquired quite a knowledge of these amiable centaurs.

In his stays on shore he had drifted around the streets of San Francisco a great deal, and had thoroughly familiarized himself with all phases of city life. The advantage of having been brought up on a farm until the age of eighteen was also an addition to his stock of experiences, and, altogether, the captain ought to have been well equipped as a writer.

He could write humorous and dialect verses, love poems, elegies, child's poetry, odes, sonnets, lyrics, dramatic poetry, vers-de-societe, sea poems, western poems with or without dialect, sailor and cowboy stories, idyls of the farm and fireside, sketches in Irish, German, Swedish, Bohemian, Polish, Swiss, French, Italian, Chinese, Siwash, Malay, Hindoo, Spanish, Mexican, negro and Patagonian dialect; heavy articles on naval affairs, such as deep-sea soundings, whale fisheries and maritime gunnery; light articles, such as flirtation on the quarter-deck, the passion for the decollete in dress among the South Sea Islanders, or smuggling as a fine art, etc. He could write of war or peace, joy or sadness, sin or innocence.

With this remarkable equipment and a brain on fire with ambitious movings, the captain began to write and bombard the magazines and periodicals. But, alack for the uncertainty of human affairs! The captain's manuscripts came back by the score. Verses that he had cried over would be returned by some unfeeling editor with some such printed balderdash as this:

THE STEREOPTICON

A Magazine for the American People 523 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"The editor has read your manuscript with abiding eagerness, but regrets excessively that it is not quite adapted to the special requirements of The Stereopticon. It is therefore returned to you reluctantly, with many thanks for your extreme courtesy in submitting it."

Or possibly he might get a communication from some editor in the editor's own handwriting which would read something like this:

ANYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Circulation Nine Million Copies
COMATOSE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

Captain Emery Wilson, San Francisco, California

Dear Sir: We have read with much pleasure your exciting story of "Dragged by a Greenland Whale," and believe with some changes it may be made adaptable to the readers of Anybody's. Could you not have the whale dive and come up with Captain Kidd's buried treasure, or butt into a mountain of floating ambergris worth untold millions, or land your party, just as he sinks beneath the biting harpoons, at some tropic shore which turns out to be an island which a trust buys for six or seven billion dollars?

Or could not the whale get tangled up in a treasure-ship of bygone days and on being hoisted to the top bring it up with him, disclosing to the astonished and delighted gaze of his captors hundreds of chests fairly reeking with ingots, pieces of eight, or even pieces of nine, doubloons, diamonds, gold and silver bars, emeralds, turquoises, garnets, pearls, plate, silks and all that sort of thing, don't you know? Our readers like to hear about things in which money is the main topic. Sincerely yours,

The captain's rage on getting these communications from day to day was something fearful to behold.

He would deliver himself of perfect broadsides of oaths in all the dialects of which he was master, and grind his molars in an excess of sea-going fury. Month after month he sent his effusions away, and regularly as clock-work they came back to him. He grew misanthropical and moody and often sprang to his feet and paced up and down the deck of his little room, exclaiming in a passion of resentment: "Oh! If I but owned a magazine of my own!"

One morning a knock at his door aroused him from a very pessimistic daydream. He opened the door and a gentleman of immaculate dress and severe air bowed respectfully.

) "Captain Emery Wilson, I presume?" he asked deferentially.

"That is my name," responded the doughty captain.

"I am extremely glad to make your acquaintance," replied the gentleman, handing the captain his card.

The captain looked at the card and read:

SHARK & WOLFE

Attorneys and Counselors
GOUGE BUILDING,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"Mr. Wolfe?" queried the captain hesitatingly.

"No," was the stranger's answer, "Shark; M. E. Shark. Captain Wilson," he continued in a firm tone, "I am here to acquaint you with the fact of your aunt Jemima's decease. You are her sole heir. It was supposed that she intended leaving her entire fortune to found a home for indigent bull-pups, one of whom was her constant attendant during her last years, but a fall downstairs prevented this, and you as her next of kin and sole surviving relative inherit the entire estate. It amounts to two hundred thousand dollars," he went on, with a gleam of avarice in his pale green eyes.

It was indeed true. Two weeks later the captain came into his own. How he blessed the slippery steps which carried off poor old Aunt Jemima. He took the bull-pup to his own home and ministered assiduously to its wants. Then he sat down to recover himself a little from the delightful shock. A batch of returned mss. and the usual grist of oily and meaningless printed refusals set his peppery a temper ablaze instanter.

"Now I'll have a magazine of my own!" he shouted, and the very next day saw him at work. He consulted an old chum of his, a practical printer, and in ten days to the hour from Aunt Jemima's funeral the Transatlantic Magazine, "a publication for the toiling millions," was announced with a splendid flourish of trumpets. The captain hired an advertising solicitor to take advertisements for nothing, and as his eccentricity had been thoroughly exploited, and as a merchant stood bound not to lose anything, he had advertising fairly thrust upon him.

He kept the secret of the editorship buried in his own bosom, but as a matter of fact Captain Emery Wilson was sole editor of the Transatlantic. He would sit down of an evening and gravely write letters addressed "To the Editor of the Transatlantic Magazine," and transmit with these epistles various samples of humorous and dialect poems, love verses, elegies, child's poetry, odes, sonnets, lyrics, dramatic poetry, vers-de-societe, sea poems, western poems in and out of dialect, sailor and cowboy stories, idyls of the farm and fireside, sketches in Irish, German, Swedish, Bohemian, Polish, Swiss, French, Italian, Chinese, Siwash, Malay, Hindoo, Spanish, Mexican, negro and Patagonian dialect; heavy articles on naval affairs, such as deepsea soundings, whale fisheries and maritime gunnery; light articles such as flirtation abaft the quarter-deck, the passion for the decollete in dress among the South Sea Islanders, smuggling as a fine art, etc., etc., and NOT ONE OF THEM WAS EVER RETURNED.

On the contrary, the editor of the Transatlantic would kindly take the trouble to indite long letters to Captain Emery Wilson, commending the originality and verve of his contributions and encouraging him to send more of his mss. to the Transatlantic. Captain Emery Wilson as a writer adopted various noms-de-plume in order to supply the demand of the editor for his writings, and, besides, he always had at least four articles or stories and four poems in each issue of the Transatlantic Magazine over his own proper signature.

Every other line of both verse and prose in each issue was the captain's work, hidden under some such nom-deplume as H. B. Podge-Wilkinson, Thomas Globular Dubb, Alice Wheaton, John Stuffer, Professor Dwight Moral Ames, Chumpsterne Swenson, Dolly Varden, and names he picked out of the 'Frisco directory.

Many letters came to the editor of the Transatlantic magazine, and it is noteworthy and cheering to reflect that every solitary mss. in them contained was returned to the writer, provided of course that stamps accompanied the contribution. The editor of the Transatlantic never read any contributions from any source save those of his own fertile brain, and invariably returned all mss. with anyone of a large number of printed stock refusals like those he had been in the habit of getting during his contributing days.

At the end of one year he had printed all of his stuff, both humorous and dialect verses, love poems, elegies, child's poetry, odes, sonnets, lyrics, dramatic poetry, vers-de-societe, sea poems, western poems with and without dialect, sailor and cowboy stories, idyls of the farm and fireside, sketches in Irish, German, Swedish, Polish, Swiss, French, Italian, Chinese, Siwash, Malay, Hindoo, Spanish, Mexican, negro and Patagonian dialect; heavy articles on naval affairs, such as deep-sea soundings, whale fisheries and maritime gunnery; light articles such as flirtation abaft the quarter-deck, the passion for the decollete in dress among the South Sea Islanders, smuggling as a fine art and others, and in one week thereafter the office of the Transatlantic Magazine was closed, never to be reopened.

The captain retired to his quarters, perfectly satisfied and happy. He had ignominiously turned down and rejected everything submitted to the Transatlantic excepting his own stuff, and in the whole year's edition there was no single line but his own. It cost him just sixty-three thousand, four hundred and twenty-seven dollars and twenty-seven cents, and the captain affirmed vigorously and even profanely that it was dirt cheap at that.

He can be seen now any day in the streets of his chosen city, the very embodiment of peace and good nature, a sunny smile athwart the rubicund waste of his sea-faring frontispiece; or at evening in his snug little house, smoking a most curiously inlaid pipe and reading back numbers of the celebrated Transatlantic Magazine, in which with great profusion are to be found his articles, such as humorous and dialect verses and others as have been faithfully and even painstakingly set down.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS & By Eugene C. Dolson

TO lives with happiness aglow
Laughter's glad notes are music rare;
But sorrow would become despair
If tears could never flow.

"America is threatened by a deadly class struggle between the money power and the mob." Charles Ferguson Cities with a Sane Ideal

A Plan for the Creation of National University-towns on the Irrigated Public Lands, and How It Would Solve the Social Problem

By Charles Ferguson

Author of "The Religion of Democracy," "The Affirmative Intellect," etc."

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

THE difference between a university and a high school nowadays is mainly the difference between hard lessons and easy ones—between plane geometry and the calculus, between the Anabasis and the Greek plays. The original university idea has been allowed to lapse for a while. It must be recovered.

The university had its origin in the Middle Ages. The great imperial schools of antiquity, such as the Museum at Alexandria, were not universities but

a totally different kind of thing. The university grew out of the church—in the twelfth century or thereabouts. The church had come into the midst of a civilization that had been suffering for a long time, about four thousand years perhaps, from a terrific social disease—a disease that worked a kind of organic lesion in common human nature and so had checked the course of social evolution. For thousands of years before the beginnings of Christianity nothing con-

siderable had been done to raise the general standard of living or make the average man more at home in the world, and for more than a thousand years afterward the results in this line were so meager as to be nearly negligible.

The disease from which the world suffered may be described as a morbid breach between the intellect and the emotions. The ancients had just as good heads as modern men—and just as good hearts. There is no reason to suppose that the brains of our great men are any heavier than those of the Pharaohs, or their sentiments any finer. The trouble with the old world was simply that its intellect and its emotions had been divorced from each other. Its knowing-power was not on speaking terms with its motive-power.

Emotion is the driving-force of life and intellect is the steering-apparatus. Emotion does all the work that is done in this world, but without intellect it is a tread-mill round - there is no progress in it. On the other hand, thinking that is not touched with emotion, that is devoid of the passion of ideals, is mere logic-chopping or empty speculation. It has no power to move any man's hands. Because of this "original sin," therefore, this hereditary schism between the intellect and the emotions, the human race lost the power to do intelligent work and social order fell into an endless classstruggle between the mooners and the muckers.

It was the most striking consequence of this disaster that for five thousand years nobody ever clearly thought of such a thing as a social organization for the advancement of the arts and sciences. It was the church that paved the difficult way to that idea by insistence that the God within a man and the God of the universe are one and the same God. This was as much as to say that the law of the heart can come to terms with the law of the head, and that the arts and the sciences are two sides of the

same thing— and must stick together. So it came to pass in due time that the university was born out of the cathedral schools. But the university was much more than a school.

FIRST UNIVERSITIES WERE CITIES

The universities in the thirteenth century - Paris, Bologna, Oxford - were municipalities. A university was a free city, jealously guarding its rights against all adverse claims of the pope and the emperor and striving to win a foothold upon the solid ground for a new kind of social order. The world had had more than enough of the rule of kings and more than enough of the rule of crowds; the time had come to make a beginning of a new kind of government - a government by the Masters of Materials, in academic phrase, Master of Arts. That is certainly the kind of government that the future has in store for us. It will give a final quietus to our political bewilderment, for when it shall be fairly established it can never be over-The force by which governthrown. ments subsist is derived from the elemental forces of nature. All the forms of government of which we have had experience are unstable because in them the force which the law undertakes to consecrate does not coincide with the force that men derive from nature. But when government gets into the hands of those who have acquired mastery of the natural forces and know how to use them in the service of all, such a government will be permanent and endlessly progressive. It will be irresistible, both because it will have in its own hands the energies that furnish the driving power of revolutions, and because it will command the moral assent of the people by constantly serving them. It will fulfill the definition both of a real democracy and a genuine aristocracy.

Of course the universities of the Middle Ages did not realize to the full the civic conceptions that were implied in

They left that for us to their charters. They were clogged with all the morbid traditions of the past. made a tremendous effort to bring the scientific spirit into effectual correspondence with the humanistic spirit, to heal the immemorial breach between the intellect and the emotional forces of life: but the confused currents of the time were too strong for them, and the utmost that they could accomplish was to roughsketch the design of a true civic order and leave it for the future to work out. The prophetic idea that we derive from them is the idea of a city with the laws for the advancement of the arts and sciences, a city dominated by artistic and scientific experts.

WHAT THE PROPOSITION MEANS

Now the advancement of the arts and sciences means simply the bringing of human nature into more agreeable relations with the nature of things. Stated in the language of economics this means raising the general standard of living. It means increasing the purchasing power of an average day's work. It means raising wages and lowering prices.

The astonishing thing about our industrial order as it exists is that there is as yet nowhere to be found in the modern world such a thing as a corporation devoted to the increase of material wellbeing! There is nowhere a corporation organized and worked to better the physical standard of living. This is the grand oversight of modern civilization and the most damnatory indictment against our industrial order. How incredible it will sound to those of our posterity who shall endeavor to find grounds of admiration for the past! The nineteenth century - they will be toldsupposed itself to be the age of social organization for the production of wealth, yet in that age the vast wealth that was produced was all in spite of the social organization; for the law left the initiative and control of industry wholly in the hands of those whose sole credential was the possession of stocks, bonds and other certificates of indebtedness, and the sole aim of whose enterprise was to raise prices and lower wages in order that interest and profits might be increased. They will be told that in that century the idea of doing business for the sake of raising the standard of living was regarded as purely sentimental. word, posterity well discover that in the age which has just passed the intellectual forces of life were as completely, as morbidly divorced from the emotional forces as in any of the darkest and sickest periods of history.

Time was that men here and there were more capable than they are today of assessing the value of a sound theory of seeing, in advance of a demonstration, the force of a general truth. We have nearly lost the power of abstract thinking; witness the decadence of theology, whether "new" or "old," and the driving out of business of all those who seriously undertake to help the people to a coherent philosophy of life. Our pragmatical contemporaries are mostly "from Missouri" and must be "shown." It might have been worth while, if the general psychological conditions were different, to go abroad preaching the gospel of the university, trusting the feeling mind and the understanding heart to discover the stupidity and cruelty of the social theory that we are trying to live by, and to establish in every existing town and city ward an institution that should embody the regenerative university idea - an institution that should supersede the existing religious sects and political parties by an organization of the people in the spirit of the university; and that should replace the chaotic misrule of professional good-men and professional smartmen by a government of those effectual civilizers and masters of arts who had proved their capacity to serve. would be a fighting chance to make over

the old cities on this new plan by sheer force of logic and common sense if it were not for our epidemic myopia of the abstract intellect. But as things stand the only way to give currency to the true university idea is to go out into the bare places and build a few university cities from the ground up, as samples.

THE PROGRAM PROPOSED

A city is substantially "free" when its economic life is not dominated by any power outside its own civic organization. To this end a municipal government ought to have primary jurisdiction over a sufficient area of land to support its population. The proposition, therefore, is to build university-towns, universities whose charters shall be municipal charters, and set them the task of subduing as much of the earth as they can manage—say two or three million acres each, something over fifty miles square—by the exercise of their own organic civilizing powers.

The university, once in possession of its land and "plant," should be self-sustaining. It should also be very much more than self-sustaining; it should by its own creative energies furnish the highest artistic and scientific conditions of social existence now anywhere extant. A day's work should buy more than elsewhere; thus there would be set up a rousing inter - municipal competition which would compel all neighboring cities to civilize themselves - on pain of the loss of population and the decline of real estate. For the city which can maintain a higher rate of wages and a lower cost of living than its competitors, must perforce become the capital of the world. Nobody knows how high the organized artistic and scientific enterprise of a city can drive wages, or how low it can drive prices - because no city has ever tried.

"ALMS-HOUSES OF THE ARTS"

American universities as they exist are the alms-houses of the arts and sciences. The creative intellect is pauperized in them and made the parasite of the artless, scienceless drudges of the field and workshop. For example, the University of Texas is endowed with about two million acres of land. Can it subdue this principality to the uses of the human ideal? Are the masters of arts in the Texas university showing the 'prentice hands how to make civility and grace and fair dwellings and laughing waters come up out of the sagebrush plains? Not at all. The lands are rack-rented for seventy thousand dollars to unregenerate ranchmen and mechanics; and with that sum and whatever else can be begged from the legislature or anybody else, a large number of book-men and boys are supported in a state of boredom tempered by football, in order that the toilers of Texas may nurse the illusion that they have some vicarious part and lot in the wide humanities. It is the same nearly everywhere, of course; but the pathos of it seems somehow especially poignant, in Texas.

America is threatened with a deadly class-struggle between the money-power and the mob. The former is the power of science working in abstraction from the humanities; the latter is the energy of the humanities driven blindly without science. To take sides in this struggle Both sides are is to lose your vote. sure to be beaten and would lose most in winning. There is still in this country a whole-souled contingent that is neither proletarian nor plutocratic. What it lacks is organization and a program. Here is the making of a prevailing political party. I venture to suggest that the program of this new party should be the creation of national universitytowns on the public lands, first of the Western states and territories, then in all the eastern states, with a view to bringing the whole fabric of government into barmony with the principles that the humanities should prevail over the

money-power, and scientific efficiency over the crowd.

The national government is building the Panama canal, working out great schemes of irrigation, and school-mastering the Filipinos. No violence will be done to precedent if now that government shall undertake to establish genuine universities on the desert lands of the West.

WHY DESERT LANDS ARE BEST

The desert lands are the best lands in the country; but they mock at private initiative and the free-booting moneymaker. That is a providential fact. These lands have been reserved, without human foresight, for great adventures in corporate civilization. We need to be reminded, perhaps, that the famous cities of the antique world were for the most part founded upon the practice of irrigation and nursed in the desert. That old world was scientific enough to prefer its rainless lands-Egypt and Palestine-Asia Minor and Syria, the land of the Carthaginians and the Moors, of the Incas and the Aztecs. The simple fact seems to be that the soluble plant foods -potash, lime, magnesia, sulphuric acid and so on-are, in countries of abundant rainfall, mainly washed away and wasted; while in arid countries these elements accumulate in the soil an inexhaustible bank account to be drawn on, without possibility of "protest"-through irrigation ditches. There is expert testimony to the effect that "the soils that lie west of the hundredth meridian in the United States, as compared with those that lie east of the Mississippi, contain on the average about three times as much potash, six times as much magnesia, and fourteen times as much lime."

So the new cities of the "great American desert" are going to have solid elemental underpinning.

In a few years—perhaps a few months

New York, Philadelphia, and the
other great cities of the East, will be

suffering, as London is suffering today. from an appalling problem of the unemployed. Under existing economic arrangements the convulsions that are called commercial crises, with their attendant phenomena of "over-production" and failure of credit, are periodic and uanvoidable. For, as things stand, mercantile credit is based, not upon technological or value-producing ability, but upon ability to collect debts. And since our "prosperity" consists very largely in the increasing of the legally enforcable claims of the creditor class, every period of commercial expansion is bound to end soon or late in such an accumulation of bad debts and indigestible securities as shakes everybody's confidence in the bill-collector. The crisis is therefore a part of the system and may be counted on.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT.

Before the next paroxysm of national heart-failure our party of the university propagandum should have braced the public mind with its definite program for the alleviation of the social distress. It should demand at once that the government, on the completion of the immense irrigation projects in Arizona, in Colorado, in Idaho and elsewhere, shall not try to peddle out the redeemed lands to wandering prospectors and speculators, but that they shall be kept in bulk and, together with such adjacent public lands as may be available, shall be made -like the District of Columbia-the sites of national cities. The demand should be made that the charter of these cities should be framed after the manner of university charters - establishing selfperpetuating faculties or governing corporations, with powers larger indeed than those of the commissioners who manage the civic affairs of the national capital city, but no different in principle. The members of these governing corporations should in the first instance be appointed by the president of the United States. If Mr. Roosevelt at the expiration of his present official term, instead of settling himself in a cloistered academic seat at Harvard as has been most unimaginably suggested, should be made Dean of the Faculty of the Municipal University of Lanfranc on the Gila river in Arizona, the work might be congenial and the results momentous. The new university corporations should include all the Burnhams and Olmsteads, the General Woods and Colonel Warings, the Sargents and St. Gaudens folk that might by any means be got to serve - not forgetting such specialists as Professor Hilgard and Mr. Luther Burbank of California, Mr. Elwood Mead, who drew up the irrigationlaw code of Wyoming which has been the working-model in that line of all the other far western states, and Mr. William E. Smythe, who wrote that luminous and prophetic book, "The Conquest of Arid America."

When we shall have put in full charge of the several land-tracts, corporations composed after this manner, and shall have alloted to each concern a few millions of dollars from the national treasury as a momentum-fund, the country should say to them: "Go ahead. Build cities in the university spirit and teach by demonstration how the arts and sciences may be advanced. We believe in you; we fetter you with no fine theories of the rights of man; you are under no law but that of the federal courts and the constitution of the universe. Go on and clear spaces in which fine goods shall be cheaper than they are in New York and common men dearer. If Shontz or anybody else can scoop down the mountains at the isthmus, you also can level a few lifts."

A MAKER OF PROSPERITY

The immediate effect upon an era of commercial depression of an enterprise of this sort may be expected to be as stimulating as a first-class foreign war; the ultimate effect would be strikingly different, since instead of getting the mass of the people into debt, it would get them out of it, and instead of destroying wealth on a vast scale it would create wealth on a scale as vast. The effect would be as if half a score of world's-fair cities were to be built in a single year — only these should be cities that could pay their own freight; and instead of crumbling into tinsel and plaster at the end of the gaudy show, they might be quite as permanent as anything earthly, and stand - fair as the city of Damascus in the midst of its palm gardens and flashing streams - when most that is called American had passed to its day of judgement.

In these establishments the guide-lines of practical administration should be derived from the lineament of the university in its original and normal idea. The university is at the bottom religious; it has a gospel that preaches the unity and reasonableness of the ground-plan of the world. It is actuated by a faith that the laws of science are framed to match the laws of art - that all material things are plastic under the hand of an indomitable ideal. Thus the university as a physical institution should be to the new towns what the cathedral was to the mediaeval cities of Europe.

The university in its true character offers promotion and an expanding career on one single condition, to-wit: the achievement of some kind of value-producing efficiency. Its organization, therefore, should develop an ascending scale of ranks in which one might hope to become more commanding only by becoming more serviceable. The servants should rule. They should not merely be permitted to serve; they have an authoritative and indefeasible right to rule. The men who know how to bring human nature into fruitful and victorious relations with the nature-ofthings are an authentic democratic aristocracy, and must not, if they can help it, permit themselves to be overruled by

mere numbers. This is a social principle that lies in the very marrow of the university-ideal. It antagonizes our heredtary political prejudices, to be sure; yet not it but they must eventually give way. The principle in fine is this: In a sound industrial society the bigher rank should elect the lower, not the The track - walker lower the bigher. should not elect the section-boss, but Only the efficient are contrariwise. qualified to judge of a candidate's efficiency. The violation of this principle seems to be the cause of the failure of most so-called co-operative experiments. It is the radical flaw in the proletarian program of "scientific socialism." It would seem safe to say that American city-making can never become artistic and scientific so long as we cleave to the tradition of the sovereignty of majorities; and that the reason why the city of Washington is so incomparably better governed than any other city in the United States is that it is the only city in the country that is not governed by Majority-rule has indeed a plebiscite. revolutionary value; it is the only possible counterpoise to the tyranny of birthboosted incompetents. But when once a society has found its equilibrium in a sound industrial order it seems to be certain that the rule of kings and the rule of crowds must fall into contempt together.

I do not mean to suggest that the national cities in the West should be governed by the president or congress. Whatever may be the justification of that plan in the peculiar circumstances of the city of Washington, the whole exemplary value of these new adventures would depend upon their being locally self-governed; their corporations, once established, should have unrestricted power to recruit themselves from their own citizenship.

A BOON TO PURE SCIENCE

There is a prospect that pure science

would receive an unprecedented impetus from universities of this new type. is certainly a mistake to suppose that science in its larger and more speculative scope is best advanced when laboratory work and original research are carried on in a well endowed moral vacuum and in utter aloofness from practical affairs. The whole history of scientific progress points in an opposite direction, and goes to show that the largest accessions of knowledge and a true scientific philosophy are likely to come from a university that is enmeshed in an industrial order and whose atmosphere is aflame with a passion for social progress. Why is it that the scientific method burgeoned for a brilliant season in Athens, in Alexandria and in Syracuse-and then died for a thousand years? It was because Aristotle and Galen and Hipparchus and Ptolemy and Archimedes despised economics and the social problem and disdained to apply their science to the material enrichment of the world; and because the society in which they lived was utterly devoid of an industrial organization that could economize scientific ideas.

Plutarch tells how King Hiero entreated Achimedes almost, though not quite, in vain, "to turn his art from abstracted notions to matters of sense, and to make his reasonings more intelligible to the generality of mankind by applying them to the uses of common life." And he says also that Plato inveighed against Eudoxus and Archytas, who made some feeble efforts to translate their geometry into terms of mechanics, "inveighed against them with great indignation, as corrupting the excellence of geometry by making her descend from incorporeal and intellectual to corporeal and sensible things." If there are savants nowadays that could not interest themselves in such universities as are proposed, they belong by moral consanguinity, not to this age, but to that of Plato. The representative scientists of today are also masters of creative arts.

mean men of the stamp of Lord Kelvin and Thomas Edison, who have made electricity a familiar tool; Pasteur, who leaves his laboratory to destroy hog-cholera and cattle-plague, and Professsor Bertellot, who manages an experimental farm in the environs of Paris. Possibly our national universities in the West might furnish for the work of such men the best milieu that can be imagined.

THE IDEA ALREADY ROOTED

I asked the president of the territorial University of Arizona at Tucson why athletics do not flourish in that institution. He said: "The faculty here have gone in for the regular sports that are in vogue in eastern colleges, and have tried to interest the students in that sort of thing. But it is no use; the boys have absorbed their minds in a bigger game than football, the game of besting this desert here with the tools of science. And they are away every holiday with the engineers and irrigators — to the bottom of mines and the tops of mountains — training for the Match."

So it would seem that the city-building university-idea, which has lain so long in the ground, has already sprouted.

LYRICS By Charles Warren Stoddard

ARABESQUE

EYES,— whose every glance is such I feel it like a velvet touch; Eyes that all my comfort slay, Yet grieve me when they turn away. Eyes that flicker without fire; That look, and burn without desire; That seem to darken while they beam And dart a shadow with each gleam; Eyes that smoulder while they sleep And glow --- like planets, when they peep From an unfathomable deep; Eyes that wound for pleasure's sake; That languish when they triumph take; And slumber most when most awake; Eyes that blur and blind my sight; That see my pain; that know my plight; O, thrill me! - kill me with delight -Ye dark moons in a silver night!

RESURGAM

SHALL I behold, what time the snows distill

In the soft wind along these silver boughs, Crisp bud and curling leaf—the golden house

Of robin red-breast and the whip-poor-will? Shall I behold the sudden pulse, the thrill,

As the rich blood, long dormant, 'gins to rouse

Among the meadows where the cattle browse,

Sad-eyed and tranquil, while they take their fill?

Shall I behold again, shall I behold
The slumbering dead awaken as of old
At sound of a still voice that quickeneth?
There will I hymn thee to the very skies,
Spirit of lonely Spring! I will arise—
I will arise from out this shadow of death.

SOME ONE TO SOME OTHER

OH! love me not, that I may long for thee, Or, loving me, show not thy love alway; For love that seeks shall weave a song for thee,

But love unsought is love that's gone astray.

Love me, anon, and love will sicken me — Even thy love, the love I most desire; The want of love alone may quicken me; The love that kindleth doth e'en quench the fire.

Yea, it is right for me, but wrong for thee,
To breathe a fruitless prayer with bated
breath;

So, love me not, that I may long for thee — Love and desire thee even unto death,



ADVENTURES F a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT By GILSON WILLETS

I

ADVENTURES on ships on the high seas in many different latitudes and in the ports of countries widely separated from one another are bound to occupy much space in the notebooks of the special correspondent who leads a world-girdling career. In my own notebook I find some scribbling, dated at the North Cape, wherein is described the taking of a photograph of the Midnight Sun from the rail of a ship, at exactly eight bells in the night watch; and more scribbling, in which is recorded a visit to Lord Nelson's flagship, "Victory," at Portsmouth, England, at the moment when the daily fresh wreath was brought aboard and placed reverently upon the spot on the deck where fell the hero of Trafalgar. Notice

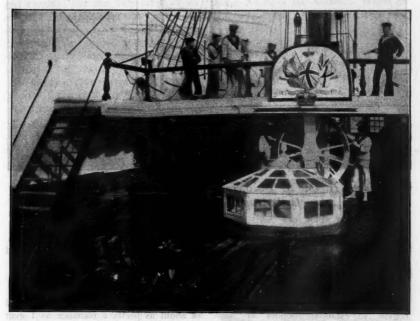


"Midnight sun" at North Cape

the steering wheel in the photograph of that scene on the "Victory." The wheel bears the famous words which Nelson signalled to his fleet just before the battle: "England expects every man will do his duty." Later I visited the present Lord Nelson's house near Salisbury, and there, over the mantelpiece in the dining-room, in tiles, were miniature

arctic explorer, in London. With the return of the "Discovery," I was sure that he would have something of interest to say about Antarctic expeditions.

"I once had a lady ask me in all seriousness," he said, "if it were not really awfully hot in the Antarctic region. 'It's so very far south, you know,' she remarked. In fact, many



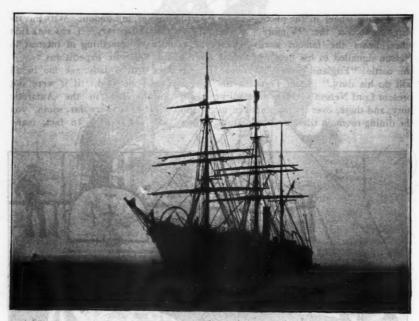
"A visit to Lord Nelson's flagship, 'Victory,' at the moment the daily fresh wreath was brought aboard and placed reverently on the spot on the deck where fell the hero of Trafalgar".

reproductions of the signal-flags that spelled the words which were read by all who fought at Trafalgar.

Another entry in my notebook tells of boarding H. M. S. Discovery at Spithead, England, on the day of her arrival from her "farthest south" voyage in the Antarctic. That was on the tenth day of September, 1904, and on the following day I called upon Captain Frederick George Jackson, the distinguished Ant-

persons have suggested that it must be very warm down there, their idea being that as the South Polar region is so much farther south than, for example, the Riviera, it must be simply roasting. But I fancy Captain Scott of the 'Discovery' could tell of an increasing number of frozen noses with every degree farther south.

"The great advantage of exploration in the South Polar country," continued



"Boarding H. M. S. Discovery on the day of her arrival from her 'farthest south' voyage in the Antarctic"

Captain Jackson, "is that down there is probably a great, solid continent.

This affords a better chance of success for South Pole expeditions, than for North Pole seekers, because it is possible in the Antarctic region to establish depots of supplies. Also, the nature of the region permits the party to make good its retreat.

"Not so many explorers have ventured south, however, because of the much greater cost of such an enterprise and the much longer voyage. Then there is not the romance that is attached to the attempts to reach the North Pole. Many explorers have sought the North Pole, while comparatively few have sought the South Pole; so there is the greater incentive in the hope of succeeding—in the North Polar region—where so many have failed."

II

One of my most interesting shipboard experiences occurred off the Azores while we lay off Fayal in a North German Lloyd liner bound for Genoa. While we lay there I witnessed the end of about as pretty a romance as I ever expect to see. As I stood by the ship's rail, the first human being I saw on shore was a young girl - the heroine of my story. She stood at the edge of a bluff - for the coast of the Azores is everywhere precipitous—gazing seaward like a statue. When we dropped anchor she moved into the shadow of the wall of coal that crowned the cliff - and watched. When our shore party entered the small boat, the girl ran up the white road toward a pink inn, her red bodice and white apron catching the rays of the sunlight.

With the shore party I climbed to the

pink inn, and there, on the portico, was the girl in the red bodice and the white apron. One of the ladies of the party engaged her in conversation, and presently the girl knelt at the lady's knee and wept. The lady talked to the girl in Portuguese-for the lady was herself from Lisbon. Presently a big man with a dark skin and wearing a waiter's apron joined the two women. He nudged the girl roughly; but she only crept closer to the Portuguese lady, who in turn addressed herself to the big, dark man. Eventually we returned to the ship-and with the Portuguese lady came the peasant girl of the Azores.

The lady told us that she was carrying Papita—that was the girl's name — away as her maid. Papita was the daughter of the dark man in the waiter's apron, the keeper of the pink inn. Papita loved Arlo, a young Portuguese farmer, and Arlo loved Papita. But both were unhappy. Poor Papita's parents opposed her lover's suit, and the priest also said she must not marry the farmer. For Arlo meant soon to leave the island, they said, and when he went he would carry Papita away with him to Portugal. So Papita wept in the lady's lap and told her story.

The innkeeper, when he learned of his daughter's wicked desire to leave the island, was angry. But when the lady promised that he should have all the money which Papita should earn as lady's maid, he called in the priest and together they blessed Papita and allowed her to go to the great white ship. So Papita wept no more. Yet she looked landward with wistful face, for she was going away and had not even said goodbye to her lover.

The next morning we were steaming on to the next port, Gibralter, and I went through the ship looking for Papita. What was my surprise to find her standing by the rail, in the steerage, locked in the arms of a stalwart young man. They two stood as if alone on the

ship, and as I kodaked them they were gazing back toward the Azores which they had left forever. The picture expressed the love that passeth understanding, even among the lowliest of an obscure island of the Atlantic. For, after dark at Fayal, before we weighted anchor, Arlo the farmer had come aboard to sail away with his Papita.

Where she went he would go—a Ruth and a Naobi of the Azores. When we reached Genoa, a priest made them one.

III

From Italy I went to Germany — to Potsdam, to "cover" one of the periodical visits of Emperor William to that "suburban seat" of royalty. The most imposing ceremony I witnessed there occurred on a Sunday morning when the Kaiser went forth to attend service at the Garrison church. With his imperial military escort, his majesty arrived at the church a few minutes before the time set for the service. Outside the church door he stood talking, with his officers and the Lutheran pastor — in which time was made the photograph



"What was my surprise to find her standing by the rail . . . locked in the arms of a statwart young man a Ruth and Navbi of the Azores"

here reproduced. The church was crowded, for even the lowliest of his subjects is permitted to worship with the German monarch in that church at Potsdam. Nearly all the pews were occupied by officers, however, so not much room was left after all for the lowly. The next day, when the church was empty, a photograph was made showing the royal pews. Upon the emperor's return to Berlin occurred a scene well worth recording here, as it involves a description of the kaiser's dramatic demonstration of his friendship for the United States. My duty called me that day to the American Embassy, in Unter Den Linden. Our ambassador at that time was Mr. Tower. A dense throng of people lined the sidewalks - for the emperor was to pass our embassy on his way from the railroad station to his palace. The crowd in front of the embassy seemed a bit reluctant to yield to my request for "way" for entrance. A policeman came to my rescue and so I got into the embassy and from an upper window waited for the drama to begin.

Presently "Hoch der kaiser!" or

something to that effect, was flung from ten thousand throats. His majesty was approaching. He was seated in one of his less pretentious carriage and wore a uniform. Over the building from which I was watching the scene floated the American flag. As his majesty approached the embassy he stood up in his carriage, bared his head and saluted first the Stars and Stripes and then the representative of our national emblem, Mr. Tower, who stood in one of the windows. No act could have so impressed the populace as this demonstration of their sovereign's feelings toward the United States. It was dramatic and it was intentionally so, apparently, as is almost every public act of the kaiser's. But it was significant, and the people understood why, for the newspapers that very morning had printed the story of a supposed lack of courtesy on the part of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce in not inviting the American ambassador to a certain banquet of international import.



"On a Sunday morning when Emperor William II attended service at the Garrison church . . . with his imperial escort . . . at Potsdam"



Inside the Garrison church at Potsdam, showing the royal pews occupied by Emperor William and his family

IV

The scene changes to the edge of the Orient—Tunis, in northeast Africa, where the bey is the nominal ruler, but where the government is really in the hands of a French resident-general.

Probably every correspondent in the Orient yearns at some time or other to see the inside of a harem. I yearned. And my yearning led to what might be called An Adventure in a Forbidden Place. I discovered the place solely by accident. At the house of a rich Algerian merchant, who was educated in the west and whose wife was an Englishwoman, I met a Turkish gentleman, who was also educated in the west but who was nevertheless a fat and terrible Turk. There was also present a young English girl, my hostess' niece. She was engaged to be married to the terrible and fat Turk. She was sweet; but her fiance had the face of a brute. The Turk drank a great deal of wine; so much that when he

rose to leave the house he staggered. I voluntered to see him home, and he accepted my escort.

We got into a native cab and drove to the Turk's house. We entered, the Turk leaning on my arm. He tried to talk, but he only became more maudlin. A very stout woman in a slouchy robe de chambre advanced and took the Turk away from me. She spoke to me in a strange language — and I learned afterward that she, too, was from Turkey. She was for the present in charge of the home of the Turk.

When I left the house, fifteen minutes later, I had learned the exact nature of that "home." It was a harem. It was much the same as any place called by that name in Constantinople or Algiers. It was a Turkish harem in the heart of Tunis, and it and all that were in it were the property of the terrible Turk.



In the harem at Tunis: "The Persian girl induced one of her 'sisters' to press the button, so that she could have a picture in which 'the monsieurs' as well as herself would figure"

And yet that lordly potentate was at that very time engaged to marry a sweet girl of England.

My information regarding the harem was obtained from one of its inmates, a

young girl. She was very pretty and very silly. In her crimson satin costume with baggy trousers and her gorgeous beads and bracelets, she looked very foolish and very bewitching. She wore crimson silk stockings which were decorated conspicuously with bunches of black thread with which many holes had thus been sewed up. Her satin slippers were much down at the heel. As near as I could make out she was a Persian.

While the Turkish woman dragged away her drunken master, I saw the young girl just described passing through the courtyard. "By jove! that's a pretty girl!" I muttered, supposing that I would not be understood.

"Did you speak, monsieur?" she asked, but smiling in a way to indicate that she had understood my exclamation of admiration.

"Yes, yes," I said, delighted to find that she spoke French. "Do you live here? I stepped in with — with your father. Do you live here?"

She burst into harsh laughter. "Yes, monsieur! He is my pretty father. My father of the flesh sold me to this pretty father. Understand? You have a camera," she added, her eyes on the kodak which I happened to have with me. "I want you to take my picture,"

"But, explain, madamoiselle," I said, ignoring her reference to my camera. "You say your father sold you to—that fat man. How do you mean?"

"Yes, for gold, monsieur," she replied.
"My father brought me from Persia to Algiers, and then he sold me to my pretty father, who brought me here to Tunis. You see, my father of the flesh was poor, oh! very poor. He was in the army. But he sold his gun—for gold. And he sold his uniform, his English boots and all—for gold. And then he sold his daughter—for gold. He is dead and I am in this place."

"This place? What kind of a place is this?"

She looked around furtively. "Listen, monsieur. In this place there are fourteen girls like me, all sold by our fathers to the great lord who drinks much wine. We would like to go out. We are not allowed to pass the porter at the gate. We would like to run away, but we have no place to go to, no money, no friends, no anything. Now monsieur—will you take my picture? You need the sun? Well, when?"

"Tomorrow, any time, madamoiselle, gladly."

"But you cannot come in; I cannot go out. The great lord will be ugly when he is sober and finds you came in with him."

"Madamoiselle, I have an idea. I



"The Bey of Tunis was on his way to visit
President Loubet"

will leave this camera with you. You will hide it as best you can. Tomorow



"What pleased the bey (of Tunis) all the more was that a French regiment, just home from Tunis, headed the procession . . . in Paris'

when the great lord goes out, you will go on the roof and get one of the other girls to press this button—so. Then bring the camera to the courtyard and place it in that corner. I will call and tell the porter I left it here when I came home with the great lord. The porter will find the camera and hand it to me."

This plan was carried out to the letter. When I called for the camera, I was accompanied by a young friend—a French newspaper man—who also carried a kodak. As the porter handed out my camera, I thought: "Why not see this harem? The big Turk will be away till nightfall and a gold piece will 'fix' the porter." It did. Now, could he get my friend and myself up to the roof, where the girls passed most of their time, without encountering the Turkish woman, the manager of the harem?

Up the stone stairways we climbed as

silently as we could, without speaking, till we reached the roof. All the girls of whom my silly and bewitching friend of the night before had told me were sitting in a group chattering like magpies. But at sight of us they ran away in apparent terror and horror, retiring to their various rooms, all of which opened on the roof, all in a tier, like so many cells. I say all the girls fled. I mean all save the Persian girl who had made this glimpse of a Tunis harem possible for me. She remained. She was not at all abashed at the sight of my young French friend, but talked to him with such volubility that I'm sure her words were uttered at the rate of sixty a minute. And when we took her picture she acted as delighted as a child that is allowed to play with a wonderful toy. She even induced one of her "sisters" to come out and press the button, so that

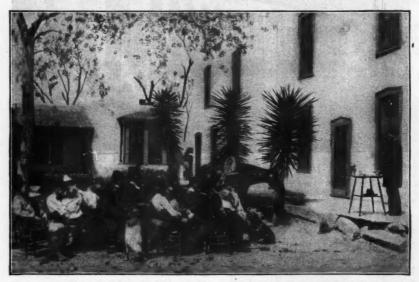
she could have a picture in which "the monsieurs" as well as herself would figure. That photograph I send to the editor with this article.

V

Now at that time the Bey of Tunis was on his way to visit President Loubet in Paris. I got passage on a "tramp" to Port Said, where I caught a P. and O. steamer bound for Marseilles—and so

but one of his suite, his advance courier. The story was told to me by one who knew all the facts, one connected with the Elysee Palace Hotel. It is an amusing story illustrative of the confusion growing out of the similiarity of the name of the hotel and the official resience of President Loubet, the Palace of the Elysee.

It seems that when the bey's courier arrived in Paris, unheralded in an offi-



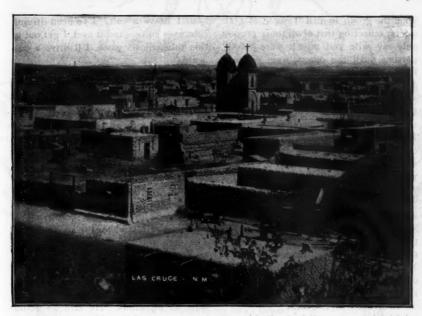
"At the famous Alameda ranch resort at Las Cruces, New Mexico, I sat in the open air at a Sunday morning service"

arrived in Paris in time to witness the public ceremonies incidental to the reception of the bey. On the fourteenth of July—the significance of which day, in France, I need not explain—a grand procession, in addition to the maneuvers outside Paris, was held in the bey's honor. What pleased the bey all the more was that a French regiment, just home from Tunis, headed the procession.

The story I have to tell in this connection, however, concerns not the bey,

cial sense, he ordered the cabman at the railway station to drive him to the Elysee Palace. The cabman promptly drove the courier to the Elysee Palace Hotel; the porters there quite as promptly carried in the courier's luggage; the clerk no less promptly assigned the courier to rooms; and there he was.

He had never been in Paris before. He spoke very little French, and to all his inquiries as to whether he was in the Elysee Palace he received a prompt "Oui, monsieur." So he calmly waited



"The 'dobe-built,' wild-western town of Las Cruces, New Mexico, where I went to study the conditions surrounding the tuberculosis patients"

for President Loubet to take cognizance of his arrival. Dinner-time came and he timidly asked if Monsieur le Presidente had been informed of his coming. The hotel people thought that he was merely a queer foreigner, or assumed that he was joking. But he demanded an answer, and, of course, finally elicited the information that the president lived at the Palace of the Elysee, not at the Elysee Hotel. About bed-time he arrived at the president's palace, declaring Paris to be a strange place, since there were two Elysee Palaces.

VI

From the gaiety and luxury of the French capital to a town in the irrigated region of New Mexico—an oasis in the desert of that territory—is, as the actors say, a big jump. But in the life of the special correspondent there are jumps of a length that an actor seldom makes. I

must take the reader, then, to the quaint, 'dobe-built, wild-western town of Las Cruces, in the southern part of New Mexico, a short ride by rail from El Paso, Texas. I had just come from a trip to the copper mines at Cananea, Mexico, owned by Colonel William C. Greene, the "Copper King." Greene was a party of distinguished capitalists and statesmen, traveling in three private cars. I left the Greene party at El Paso and went up into New Mexico, stopping for a couple of weeks at Las Cruces to study the conditions which surrounded tuberculosis patients, who were flocking to the region by hun-

At the famous Alameda Ranch Resort at Las Cruces,—where I put up—I sat, with the other guests at the ranch, in the open air at Sunday morning service conducted by a lay preacher. While listening to the preacher's word, I looked

upon the group in that Temple of Outdoors, reflecting that of all those present only my wife and myself were "well" persons. All the others were sufferers from the great white plague. The congregation represented thirteen different states and was a contingent of the nation's tuberculosis patients. The service was typical of the manner of life at Nature's vast sanitarium in New Mexico, where pilgrims from every state in our Union come to sleep and eat and work and play outdoors.

One of the congregation was a man who said he was from Texas—who said, indeed, that he had been driving a cab in San Antonio, but had contracted tuberculosis and so found it necessary to seek the higher altitude of this New Mexican resort. He was a superior kind of man, and I enjoyed many a horseback ride with him. One day I said to him:

Ever been in England?"

"Lived there once," he replied laconically.

After several more questions and more laconic replies, I told him that I had just spent six months in England. And for half an hour—as we rode to the Rio Grande—I told him stories of the London which he admitted he had not seen for fifteen years. Gradually his eye brightened with interest. Memories seemed to be teeming in his mind. His enthusiasm over things of "home"—for he admitted that he was an Englishman—was at last so aroused that he began talking of the past.

"I came to Texas fifteen years ago," he said, "to make money in cattle. I had money, and I announced that I would buy 50,000 head of cattle in one lot. And they cheated me. After that I never cared what happened to me. I loved horses—I knew nothing else to do

—so I drove a cab. I've been driving cabs ever since—and if ever I get out of this tuberculosis game, I'll drive a cab again."

"But you say they cheated you," I in-

terposed. "How?"

"Oh, it was easy. They told me they had rounded up the 50,000 head of cattle ready for me—all fat, fine animals, in condition for immediate market. They said I could come to the ranch and count the animals and pay for them. I went to the ranch and they drove the cattle in a continuous line right before my eyes. And I counted them—counted 50,000, the process of counting occupying a week. And I paid for the 50,000 cattle. The men who took my money vanished as if into the earth.

"Well, my cattle were there—in various bunches. A buyer from a great packing-house was there to take the animals off my hands. He said he would have to count them. He did so. At the end of the first day's counting he came to me and said:

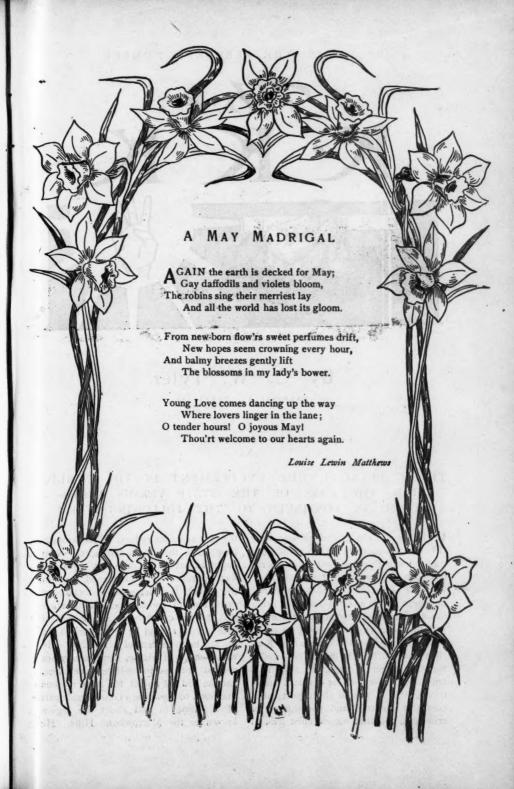
"'1've counted all your cattle, and you

have exactly 5,000 head."

"'You are mistaken," I replied. 'I've got 50,000 head, for I counted them myself.'

"Well, sir, the upshot of the matter was that I really had bought only 5,000 head; but the sellers had trailed the 5,000 ten times around a little mountain and the same 5,000 had thus passed ten times under my nose for me to count. Say, have you ever seen supernumeraries on the stage in a theater pass back and forth from wing to wing? You think a big army is passing in review. In reality, the same few men are passing and repassing. Well, that was the case with my cattle—that's all. And I was ruined."

The whole world cannot cure you of consumption, But you can cure yourself, if you have gumption.



K.K.K.

By C. W. Tyler

CLARESVILLE, TENNESSEE

XII

EXCITEMENT IN THE THERE BEING UNDUE PUBLIC ANKER-MIND. THE CASE OF THE STATE VERSUS IS CONTINUED THE FOLLOWING STROM TO TERM

WHILE the old gentleman was making praiseworthy efforts in different ways to extricate his son from the perilous position in which he found him, Mr. Bob Lee Templeton neither slumbered nor slept in his anxious desire to bring this same son to close acquaintanceship with the hangman as speedily as possible. On the night when Sandy Kinchen shuffled off his mortal coil under the gallows-tree, Templeton, as will be remembered, pleaded for the law, maintaining that it was in all respects sufficient for the trial and punishment of criminals, and that society must look to

the law alone for redress of its wrongs. Now, when the brutal scoundrel—who ought to have died in Sandy's place—was apprehended and turned over to the sheriff, Templeton felt it incumbent upon him to make good his assertion that the law could be relied on to deal with evil-doers, and he set to work to aid the law to the extent of his ability. He was young, had leisure, some money not needed for his immediate necessities, and he did not object, for more reasons than one, to spending a considerable part of his time in and about the region known as the Marrowbone Hills. He

became quite intimate here with Pearson, who was working up the case in a quiet but effectual manner, and with others who were bending their efforts in the same direction. He also, by occasional interviews with Major Habersham, was enabled to inform himself pretty well as to the state of the country, and at each of his visits for this purpose he managed to while away a little time in the society of the major's daughter without being desperately bored.

There were a half-dozen counties in the judicial circuit, and neither the judge nor the attorney-general resided in that in which Ankerstrom was to be arraigned and tried. Twice a year they rode into the town of Ashton and devoted themselves for two weeks to the task of clearing the docket of such cases as they found awaiting them. Usually more than half of this limited period was consumed by the judge in hearing civil cases, and fully half of the time of the attorney-general was taken up in drawing indictments and examining witnesses before the grand jury, to the end that fresh grist might be brought before the judicial mill to be ground. When the two weeks had elapsed, the grand and petit juries were discharged, the minutes of the court were signed, and the judge and the state's officer betook themselves to another county to begin over again the process of administering justice and upholding the majesty of the law.

The Fall term of the court at Ashton began on the first Monday in September, and, as it was important to use dispatch, all the witnesses in the Ankerstrom case had been summoned and were on hand ready to give evidence before the grand jury. Both Templeton and Pearson had labored to secure their attendance, and when mustered there was a goodly array of them, for, as a matter of precaution, every person who knew anything of the case, either by hearsay or otherwise, had been brought to court. The attorney-

general was a middle-aged gentleman of somewhat nervous temperament and rather prone to lose his temper on slight provocation, but capable of getting through with a good deal of business in the course of the day. He conversed on this occasion privately with a good many persons, young and old, black and white, male and female, who had been summoned to testify against divers offenders, and embodied the substance of the information thus obtained in indictments which he drew hurriedly for the consideration of the grand jury. Somewhat to the annoyance of Mr. Bob Templeton, he postponed speaking to the witnesses in the Ankerstrom case until late in the afternoon, and after his conference informed them that they must all come back the next day, as he would not have time to draw so important an indictment until he went to his room that night. This announcement caused grave dissatisfaction among the witnesses, and Templeton indulged in some censure upon the state's officer, but Pearson said he saw nothing unreasonable in his behavior, and that when people came to court they must expect to put up with a little inconvenience.

Next morning the witnesses were all on hand, most of them in no very good humor; and during the course of the second day they were admitted, one by one, into the sacred precincts of the grand-jury room, where each was permitted to tell his tale. Late in the afternoon the grand jurors-thirteen in number, headed by an officer-filed into the court-room with a formidable batch of true bills and other important papers. These the foreman gravely handed to the judge, who, after brief inspection, passed them to the clerk, who thrust them at once into his bosom with the air of one who has a dreadful secret in his keeping which he would rather die than divulge.

Pearson and Templeton received private information from the attorney

general that several indictments against Ankerstrom were in the batch of papers they had seen the clerk secrete in his bosom, and, as a special favor, after court adjourned they were allowed to inspect them. One charged the accused, Ankerstrom, with having feloniously taken and carried away a chopping-ax of the value of two dollars and of the goods and chattels of Gabriel Havemeyer, with the intent on the part of the culprit to deprive the true owner of his property and convert the same to his own use. The second charged the offender with having broken open a mansion house in the night-time with the intent to commit a felony therein. The third paper asserted that the same criminal had wilfully and maliciously set fire to and burned the dwelling-house of Mrs. Susan Bascombe, and was, therefore, guilty of the crime of arson. A fourth indictment charged the villain with having stolen from the Hopson family one table-cloth worth fifty cents and divers and sundry articles of the aggregate value of three dollars, to-wit: two broiled chickens, three dozen biscuits more or less, one boiled ham, one bag of sweet cakes, a jar of cucumber pickles, twentyseven dried-apple pies commonly known as "flapjacks," etc., etc.

When they had finished reading the last paper the attorney-general informed them that he might have preferred a sixth charge against the accused for personal assault upon the sick man Hopson; and possibly a seventh, for breaking into the house, since some force was used in effecting an entrance. Many prosecuting attorneys in the state, he said, would have pursued this course with a view of increasing costs, but he was not that sort of a man. Templeton commended him for his frugality where the public interest was concerned and inquired as to which of the charges the accused would be brought to trial upon first, or whether he would be held to answer them all at once.

"Why, no indeed," answered the state's officer. "That wouldn't do, you know. We will try him on one of these indictments and if we fail we will take him to task on another; and if we have bad luck there, we will drag him up on the third; and if our hold breaks there, we will tackle him on the fourth, and so on. This is about the course we'll pursue, and by the time we're through with him, unless I'm pretty badly fooled, there won't be much left of him."

"Well," said Templeton, who being younger than Pearson assumed the right to speak for them both, "this fellow has committed murder. a cold-blooded and cowardly murder; there isn't any doubt about that. Suppose we therefore arraign him for murder and try him and hang him for murder right away and let the other charges against him be dismissed. When we've hung him for his principal offense, he will have bassed beyond our reach, and there'll be nothing else we can do to him."

"There's sense in that," responded the attorney-general, musingly; and he looked out of the window as if he was turning the proposition over in his mind. Templeton handed him a cigar, and when he had puffed at this a while, and found it was a good cigar, he seemed to attach even more importance to the young man's proposition. "There's a good deal in that; there's a good deal in that," he repeated, nodding his head to Templeton. "Well, we'll try that."

"Suppose we set the murder charge for one day next week," said Templeton, "and try him and convict him on that. We might possibly get ready by tomorrow, but we'd better not go too fast. We can have all our witnesses back here next Tuesday, and we'll take up the case on that day and go right along with it. That is, of course, if it suits you."

"That's a good idea," said the attorney-general. "Fust rate; fust rate. I'll have the case set for that day. The fel-

low's down here in jail at Coopertown, ain't he?"

"Yes."

"Who's his lawyer?"

"Nobody, I reckon. He's not able to employ a lawyer, and a lawyer wouldn't do him any good. He's guilty beyond all question."

"All right; we'll try him next Tuesday. I'll get the judge to assign some of these young fellows to defend him," and the attorney-general walked away and had the case of Ankerstrom, charged with murder, set for the following Tuesday. He directed the clerk also to forward without delay a copy of the indictment to the prisoner in the Coopertown jail.

Seeing that the attorney-general had his hands full of other matters, our two friends, together with other active persons from the neighborhood of the tragedy, set to work at once to make ready the state's case by the following Tuesday. The witnesses were all resummoned to appear, and trusty individuals were detained to look after those about whose voluntary attendance there was some doubt. Mr. Bob Lee Tempeton had entirely recovered from his discontent of the evening before, and now cheerfully did his endeavor to put everybody else in a hopeful frame of mind, and induce them to return to court at the appointed time. There were some grumblers, of course, and some prophets of evil, but all these were put to silence by the assurances and encouragement of the candid youth. "You fellows be sure to come back," cried Mr. Templeton to a group of witnesses, who were muttering about the distance they had to travel in going to and from the court. "Let every man of you come back next Tuesday. If a few stay away, don't you see, that will spoil the whole business, for like as not some of the missing ones may be important witnesses, and the case would have to be continued for lack of proof. That will never do in the world. So let

every man be on hand to answer to his name next Tuesday."

"I've lost two days already," replied one of his auditors, "and the worms are eating up my tobacco."

"That's bad; that's bad," rejoined Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, in a sympathetic tone. "I know just how it is, my friend, for I'm a farmer myself. But come one more time — just one more time. Don't forget that a good old woman has been murdered, and that the scoundrel who killed her should be hung without delay. I know just what I'm talking about, and I tell you one more day in this cause will be sufficient. I and the state's attorney have talked the thing over, and you can all depend on what I say."

When the following Tuesday came around the witnesses were all in attendance, and court having been called to order, Sheriff Sanderson appeared at the bar with the prisoner, Ankerstrom, who the day before had been brought from the jail at Coopertown. The attorneygeneral called upon the fellow to hold up his right hand, which command the sheriff finally induced him to obey. The indictment was a lengthy one - for the state's officer was a stickler for old forms and phrases - and was read in clear and deliberate tones, so that the whole courtroom might hear. It charged, after the caption, that in the county and state aforesaid, and upon a certain day in June, Johan Ankerstrom, alias Dutch Ankers, alias Cross-eyed Jack, alias the Flying Dutchman, did wilfully, unlawfully, feloniously, deliberately, premeditatedly, and with his malice aforethought, assault Mrs. Susan Bascombe, of the county and state aforesaid, with a deadly weapon, to-wit, an ax. And with said ax the said Johan Ankerstrom, alias Dutch Ankers, alias Cross-eyed Jack, alias the Flying Dutchman, not having the fear of God before his eyes, and being moved and instigated by the devil, did strike and inflict divers and sundry

grievous and mortal wounds upon the body of the said Mrs. Susan Bascombe, of which grievous and mortal wounds the said Mrs. Susan Basombe did languish until the day following, to-wit: June -, and on that day languishing she did die of said wound. Wherefore (the document went on to allege), we, the grand jurors for the state and county aforesaid, being duly elected, impaneled and sworn upon our oaths the truth to speak, do present and say that Johan Ankerstrom, alias Dutch Ankers, alias Crosseyed Jack, alias the Flying Dutchman, did wilfully, unlawfully, feloniously, deliberately, premeditatedly, and with his malice aforethought, kill and murder the said Mrs. Susan Bascombe, in the county and state aforesaid, contrary to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the state.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" inquired the state's officer when he had finished reading the lengthy accusation.

Ankerstrom scowled upon him and made no reply. He either did not fully understand the purport of what he had heard, or he made believe not to understand it.

"If the court please," said a young attorney who had been assigned to defend the prisoner, "we enter a plea of not guilty here."

"Very good," said the judge. "Let the clerk record this upon the minutes. Is the state ready to proceed with the trial of this cause?"

Bob Lee Tempeton, forgetful of the proprieties of the place, was about to arise and assure the court that the prosecution was ready, but the attorney-general forestalled him. He informed the court, in deliberate tones, that the state wished to at once enter upon the trial of the cause.

"Is the defendant ready?" inquired the judge, addressing himself to the young attorney who had been assigned to look after the prisoner's interests.

The young attorney here went over. and seating himself beside his client, sought in a hurried conversation to obtain some facts bearing on the issue about to be raised. While he was thus engaged Lawyer Palaver entered the court-room, bearing in his right hand a suspicious-looking black satchel containing papers weighty in the law, and containing also, tucked away snugly at the bottom, a neat little flask of strong waters. He always carried this satchel about with him, and, the general impression was, would have been as utterly helpless without it as Samson with his head shaved. He now looked all about him and, withdrawing his gloves deposited these, with his satchel and cane, upon the table by which he stood. When he had done this, observing that there was a lull in the court-room, he addressed himself to his honor upon the bench.

"If the court please," said Lawyer Palaver, "I have just learned that a client of mine, one Johan Ankerstrom, has been indicted here upon a very grave charge, and I rise to ask that his trial be set for some day of the next term, so that both sides may then be in readiness to proceed with the investigation."

The attorney-general here mumbled out something about being needed in the grand jury room, and hastily withdrew from the presence of the court.

"Why," said the judge to Palaver,
we have that very case up now, and I
was about to order the jury to be sworn."

""What!" cried Palaver in astonishment. "I — ah — perhaps I did not understand your Honor."

"The state has announced ready," said the judge, "and the case was about to go to trial when you came in."

"Go to trial — go to trial?" repeated Palaver. "The attorney-general has announced ready, does your Honor say? Why, sir, was the like ever heard in the court-house before? My man is here on trial for his life. He is a foreigner, and can hardly speak the language. He has



"If the Court please," said Lawyer Palaver

Bretch by M. L. Blumenthel

not had a minute's 'time for preparation

"Why," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, interrupting him, "this man has been in jail, if the court please, for three months. He certainly has had abundant time to prepare his case, and the witnesses we have brought here will tell the whole story, as the gentleman will find further along when we get into the evidence."

Palaver turned and regarded the speaker, first severely and then inquiringly. "I do not know this young gentleman, but I suppose, of course, he is one of the counsel in the cause." Mr. Templeton's abashed look showing too plainly that he was not one of the counsel in the cause, the lawyer continued: "I move you, sir," addressing the judge, "that this young man produce his license before the clerk and be sworn in as one of the practicing attorneys at this bar."

This caused a broad smile to spread itself over the court-room, and, looking about him, Templeton was pained to observe Miss Sue Bascombe, who was present as one of the witnesses, biting her lip to suppress an inclination to laugh. This added manifestly to his discomfiture, for all nice young men have their share of vanity, and nobody likes to be laughed at.

"Where's the attorney-general," inquired the judge, in reponse to Palaver's request. "He ought to be here looking after this case. Go fetch him at once, Mr. Sheriff."

The sheriff promply retired in quest of the state's officer, and Templeton followed him out into the hall. When the attorney-general presently emerged from the grand jury room the young man halted him and took up a few moments of his valuable time.

"I say," remarked Templeton to the busy official, "one moment, one moment, if you please. There's an old man in the other room trying to put off our case. It will never do; never in the world, I tell you. It's been three months since Ankerstrom killed the old woman, and the folks in that country are getting dreadfully impatient. Their opinion of the law is none too good now, and if this case is put off there is no telling what they will do or say. So do you go right in and head this old man off. He's talking wild, saying he hasn't had time to get his case ready, and I'm afraid he'll deceive the judge."

"I'll fix him," responded the state's officer, tearing himself from the young gentleman and hastily entering the court-room. Once in the presence of the judge, and informed of Palaver's application to postpone the trial, he began a rather vehement address, which apparently was intended more for the by-standers than the court. He had proceeded but a little way before Palaver arose and politely interrupted him.

"If your honor please," said Palaver to the judge, "I would like, with the permission of the court, to prepare an affidavit."

"Certainly," replied the judge. "The defendant's counsel has that right."

The attorney-general then sat down and fell a-chatting pleasantly with some of the lawyers about him. Palaver withdrew, with a stub pen, ink bottle and several quires of paper. He was great on affidavits; indeed, I may say, that was his specialty, and no lawyer had ever been known in his section who could cram more statements into a document for his client to swear to. Having consumed less time than usual in the preparation of his paper, he after a bit returned into the court-room with a very confident air about him. affidavit, verified by Ankerstrom on oath, alleged the undisputed fact that the indictment against the prisoner had been brought in by the grand jury then in session, that it charged murder in the first degree and then the further allegation was made that owing to excitement in the public mind the accused could

"That is sufficient," cried the judge from the bench as soon as the paper was read. "No use to waste more words about it. It is well enough settled in Tennessee that a defendant cannot be forced to a hearing at the term in which the indictment against him is found, where the indictment charges murder and he files an affidavit stating that owing to excitement in the public mind he cannot safely go to trial. To hold otherwise would be reversible error on the part of this court, and the case must go over till the next term."

This ruling excited no sort of surprise on the part of the attorneys present. The attorney-general looked up at the judge and nodded gravely his endorsement of the action of the court. Palaver sat down by his cane and hand-bag, crossed his legs, shook his foot, and assumed the air of a wise man who knew very well in advance what was going to The fact was he had not happen. bothered himself at all with preparations for the defense, and had nothing whatever in his black satchel bearing on the Ankerstrom case.

As the lawyers and other gentlemen wended their way toward the hotel at the noon recess, Mr. Bob Lee Templeton overheard a conversation that made his ears tingle.

Palaver, to the attorney-general, who was walking by his side: "What smart young chap was that, Whackemall, who put in his mouth this morning while I was addressing the court?"

Attorney-general: "Templeton is his He is taking a good deal of interest in the Ankerstrom case."

Palaver: "Any kin to the old woman who got killed?"

Attorney-general: "None that I know of. None at all, I believe."

Palaver: 'What's he got to do with it then?"

Attorney-general: "That I can't just

not safely go to trial at that term of the make out. I think he's in love with that black-eyed girl you saw in the courtroom. She's the old woman's granddaughter."

> Palaver: "Ah, that explains it. I saw him turn red this morning when he looked at her, and wondered what the hell he was blushing about. So it was at his instance you made that nonsensical talk opposing my application for a continuance?"

> Attorney-general: "Yes; he urged me to do it, and I just spoke to oblige him."

> Palaver: "Ah, I see, I see. Right embarrassing sometimes to have a damned fool for a client."

> Mr. Bob Lee Templeton here slackened his pace, so as to allow those ahead to increase the distance between them. He was on his way to the tavern to get dinner, but he changed his mind and took a notion to stroll round town before proceeding to the hostelry. As he strolled he came in contact with a good many witnesses that had been brought to court to testify in the Ankerstrom case. They scowled at him and indulged in uncomplimentary remarks as he passed.

> "That's the smart Aleck," said one, "who had a private understanding with the attorney-general.".

> "His head will be gray before that understanding is carried out," retorted another.

> "The next time we catch a red-handed murderer I hope we'll have sense enough to hang him up, without listening to any smooth talk from such palavering chps as him," proclaimed a third.

> Mr. Templeton strolled on. He took a side street where nothing harassing would be likely to occur, and where he could make serious effort to get a hold upon himself. When, an hour or so later, he seated himself at the hotel table, he was outwardly calm, but his appetite had deserted him. He found, moreover, upon self-interrogation, that a good deal of his veneration for the law had departed with his appetite.

XIII

YOUNG MR. TEMPLETON CHANGES HIS MIND WHEN OUT OF HUMOR, AND REVERTS TO HIS FORMER OPINION WHEN CHEERFULNESS IS RESTORED

THAT afternoon as those who had been summoned in the Ankerstrom case journeyed homeward from the town, some were merry and some were mad. Templeton was of the company, and for a short distance he rode by the side of Miss Sue Bascombe, who, having made her second trip to court, considered herself pretty well posted now as to the legal methods of transacting business.

"Law is a great profession, Mr. Templeton," remarked the young lady as the horse that bore her jogged along at a steady gait toward the place of her abode, "and I wonder they don't have more female attorneys in the country. It seems to me to be a profession much better adapted to women than to men, anyway."

"How is that?" inquired Mr. Templeton,

"Oh, they talk so much," replied the young lady, "and it all amounts in the end to so little."

Miss Bascombe was inclined to be sarcastic, but Templeton accepted her observations seriously. "That's a fact," he answered rather sullenly.

"It's all talk and no cider, as we say in the country," continued the young lady. "The judge has his say, the lawyers have their say, and now and then an outsider puts in and tries to have his say. I think you made a little experiment in that direction this morning, didn't you, Mr. Templeton?"

"Yes," replied the gentleman addressed, 'but it didn't help me, or the cause of justice, either."

"Of course not, of course not. You didn't seem to have many friends among them, and as for the cause of justice, I

don't suppose that was on anybody's mind at all."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," replied the young gentleman gloomily.

"Well," pursued the young lady cheerfully, "next January I reckon they'll go to the court-house again, and talk some more and send us all back home again with nothing done."

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Mr. Templeton.

"It will be fun, though. Splashing through the mud and rain a matter of twenty miles in mid-Winter will be jolly. Nobody could grumble at that."

"I suppose not," replied Mr. Templeton.

"The lawyers, though, don't splash through rain and mud to any alarming extent. All they have to do is to stand up in the court-room and talk. That's what makes me say law is such a delightful profession."

"And that's what makes me say," answered Templeton bitterly, "that it's a humbug."

"A what?"

"A farce. A miserable contrivance for defeating the ends of justice.

"Why, my goodness," replied the young lady, "I thought, Mr. Templeton, you were on the side of the law. You speak like some of these outrageous Marrowbone people, so you do."

"I feel as indignant as any of the Marrowbone people could feel. Some steps must be taken in this community by which scoundrels can be brought to justice."

"Do you think so?" She spoke in a graver tone than she had used before.

"Indeed I do think so. The administration of justice seems to be hampered

in the courts by antiquated rules that may have suited other people differently situated, but are not adapted at all to the condition in which we find ourselves today. Criminals should be punished, and that without unreasonable delay. Honest men and women are entitled to protection. The law as now administered affords great encouragement to scoundrels."

"Teddy McIntosh couldn't say worse than that."

"He wouldn't tell the truth if he said less."

"You seem to be in real earnest, Mr. Templeton."

"Indeed I am."

She hummed a little tune to herself a few moments and then she addressed him abruptly.

"Why don't you join the Klu Klux?"

"What's that?"

"As if you didn't know."

He tried to get up a laugh, but failed. "I'm more than half in the humor," he replied gravely.

"When you're altogether in the humor let me know."

"What have you to do with it?"

"Nothing at all."

"If you had I'd ask you to hand in my name at the next meeting as a candidate for admission to the order."

"You said just now you were only half in earnest."

"I'm in dead earnest now."

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright."

The two were proceeding along the highway by themselves, though there were others at a short distance in front and rear of them. Among these was the youth called Teddy McIntosh, who was about fifty yards in front.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Miss Bascombe in a very natural way, though nothing had occurred, that Mr. Templeton knew

of, to excite her mirth.

Teddy glanced back over his shoulder, and she raised her right hand above her head for a moment, with three fingers extended, the others closed. It was a careless gesture, and would have attracted no special attention if one had observed it. Mr. McIntosh did not instantly quit his companion but in a little while dropped back and joined the young lady and Templeton.

"Teddy," said Miss Sue Bascombe in a calm, matter-of-fact way, "Mr. Templeton has business tonight over on Dead Man's Knob, and he doesn't know the way. Won't you be kind enough to take

him there?"

"Why, for sure," answered Teddy. "I'll be glad to show him the road."

Then there was pleasant chat of indiscriminate kind, and before a great while the young lady bade them good-by, and leaving the main highway took a less frequented route that led to her home. Teddy McIntosh now took charge of Templeton, and escorted him to the house of a friend, where they supped and rested their horses.

About ten o'clock at night the two men mounted again and rode off together. No questions were asked as to their proposed destination by the discreet members of the household, and no information on the subject was volunteered by the equally discreet Mr. McIntosh. The two men rode off together and for some time rode in silence.

"Miss Sue is all sorts of a girl," said Mr. McIntosh, breaking silence after a while.

Not fully understanding whether this was a compliment or the reverse, Tem-

pleton did not reply.

"She's all sorts of a girl," Mr. Mc-Intosh continued. "I've been knowing her ever since we were both little children, and I don't know her yet. Now and then she's funny and frolicsome just like other girls. It isn't very often, though, you catch her in that sort of humor, and when you do it's more than half put on. As a general thing she takes after her granny, and her granny had more grit than half a dozen common men."

"Does she really belong to the Klu Klux Klan?" Templeton ventured to inquire.

"How's that?" answered Teddy as if he hadn't heard.

"Is she a member of this order she was speaking of?"

"Oh, I dunno. Maybe she is, maybe she ain't. There's just no tellling. You never can catch up with her, you see."

This was all the answer Mr. Templeton received to a question he had propounded to himself several times in the past few hours without being able to frame in his own mind a satisfactory reply.

Traveling for about an hour the two young men came to a conical hill rising abruptly from the surrounding valley and a short distance off from the wayside. There are many such in that part of the country, but this was more rugged than the rest, and had an evil reputation from the fact that at a time prior to the Civil war a stranger had been enticed to the spot and murdered for his money. At the foot of this they dismounted, and proceeding Indian file along a narrow path they climbed it slowly, each leading his horse. They had not gone far in this manner before a man in front blocked This individual said nothing, and made no demonstration, but stood stock still until McIntosh, who was in the the lead, came close to him and extended his hand. The sentinel reached forth his own, and after a friendly grasp stepped aside and allowed the two men to proceed. He had no weapons - or Templeton saw none as he brushed by him-though standing here as an outpost he could scarcely have expected, unarmed and unaided, to be able to repel intruders.

Pursuing their way the two young men, after going a short distance, turned aside and hitched their horses in a thick clump of trees, where they saw others standing.

Here they began a precipitous ascent, up which a horse, however sure-footed, could hardly have clambered. A little further on they were halted by a second sentinel, who again said nothing but stood in the way till McIntosh had advanced and clasped hands with him. Next they reached a level strip of earth on which stunted cedars grew so thick as to make a passage through it almost impossible. Skirting this by a circular path they reached a perpendicular bluff of rock, with a small open space between it and the thicket. Here they came upon a group of men sitting side by side upon the ground, their line forming a rough circle of about twenty feet in diameter. Each of these, Templeton noticed, wore a tall black cap, and his figure was shrouded in a mantle of the same somber hue. Not far from the center of the circle sat one with a tall white cap and wrapped in a white garment. On either side of him was a figure robed in black. as were those of the outer circle.

Teddy McIntosh advanced into the middle of the group and faced the chief figure robed in white. Behind him came Templeton, and as they reached the center of the circle he faced and stood fronting the white-robed figure. Perfect silence was maintained by all present. Each member of the circle sat on the earth with his head bowed and nothing on the part of any of them indicated a consciousness that strangers were present.

"Majestical Grand Cyclops," proclaimed Teddy McIntosh, addressing the central figure, "this mortal desires admission into our mystic brotherhood."

No response at all was elicted by this announcement, but all sat on the earth as before with their heads bowed.

"Majestical Grand Cyclops," repeated McIntosh, "this mortal desires admission into our mystic brotherhood."

Then all at once arose and stood in silence around the circle. Templeton was astonished to find that the central figure, though apparently that of a thin person, was not much less than ten feet high. The long white cap added a good deal to the stature of this individual, but making due allowance for this he was undoubtedly the tallest person the young man had ever seen. His face was muffled, and his features could be but dimly discerned by the starlight that alone lessened the surrounding obscurity.

"Majestical Grand Cyclops," proclaimed Teddy McIntosh for the third time, "this mortal desires admission into our mystic brotherhood."

At this moment someone, whose approach had not been detected, stole softly up behind Templeton and blindfolded him. When this had been accomplished the tall figure in white for the first time vouchsafed a reply. He asked many questions of searching nature regarding the character and qualifications of the candidate, all of which were answered in a complimentary manner by McIntosh, who acted as sponsor. Then the Grand Cyclops inquired of the klan:

"Does any one present know of a reason why this mortal should not be received as a member of our mystic brotherhood?"

A silence of some moments followed this inquiry. Then the command came in solemn tones:

"Mortal, kneel."

Without hesitation Templeton obeyed. "Raise your right hand to heaven."

He did so.

"Repeat after me now the solemn obligation which every member of this mystic order is required to take."

The speaker here proceeded slowly and distinctly, and Templeton repeated after him:

"I, Robert Lee Templeton, of my own free will and accord, and in the presence of these comrades, and of the ruler of the universe, do here register my sacred oath that I-will never reveal to anyone not a member of this brother-bood any of the signs, grips or pass-

words that may hereafter be imparted to me. That I will never reveal to those not members of this brotherhood the fact that I know of its existence, or that I, or any other individual, is connected with it. I here register my sacred oath that I will never let the true name of the order, which I am soon to receive, pass my lips, though none but a brother be nigh. I here register my sacred oath that I will promptly obey all the decrees of the brotherhood, when not inconsistent with the laws of the land, and should I at any time prove faithless to the obligation I have here assumed I invite on my head the awful penalty that will then be my due."

"Mortal, rise," was the command after the oath had been taken.

Templeton rose to his feet and stood blindfolded before them. Someone now drew near and threw a mantle over his shoulders, placing at the same time a cap on his head which he supposed to be similar to those worn by others about him.

"Advance, mortal, brothers, and give to this mortal the secret grip of the order, in token of the fact that you greet him as a member of this brotherhood."

One by one those about him came forward, and each, extending his own right hand, took that of Templeton. As the grip was given, the forefinger of each in turn was extended until the tip of it rested on the wrist of Templeton, about the point where the pulse is usually felt. A gentle pressure was given, once, twice, thrice, and the individual extending passed on. Lastly the tall individual who had been spokesman during, the ceremony came forward and took the candidate by the hand. He stretched out his long forefinger and allowed it to rest on Templeton's wrist.

"Mortal," he said, "you are now about to attach yourself to this mystic order whose members never assemble until after the sun goes down, whose true name may not be uttered even among themselves, but which is known to the vulgar as the Klu Klux Klan."

The speaker pronounced each of these syllables he pressed his forefinger by way of emphasis on the wrist of Templeton.

"Turn thy right ear," he now said, "and I will deliver to thee in private the true name of this mystic order."

Templeton obeyed, and the speaker, stooping low, whispered softly in his ear a word of several syllables, which Templeton had never heard before, and which was in a strange language and pronounced so indistinctly he was not sure he

caught the sounds aright.

"I greet you now as a brother," continued the tall man, addresing him once more aloud, "and remember that whereever you go you may make your clanship known by the sign of the three If you would draw one of the order to your side, first call his attention by an innocent sound, then raise the right hand quickly with the thumb and little finger closed, the other three fingers extended and separated. If you would greet a brother or make yourself known to one who is a stranger, give him your right hand and press three times distinctly but lightly on the pulse of his right arm. Brother, for we count you stranger no longer, we bid you thrice welcome as a member of this mystic clan. When the brotherhood has once more extended greeting you will withdraw beyond the confines of our circle. but you may reenter unaided if you can give the sentinel the grip of the order and whisper in his ear the countersign for the night, which I will now impart to you."

The tall master of ceremonies once more stooped and whispered in the ear of Templeton the password which had been adopted for the night. The syllables were easily caught and not difficult to remember, for the countersign as imparted to

him in confidence was "Sue Bascombe."

The bandage was now removed from his eyes, and he saw the tall man still standing, with a figure robed in black on each side, as at the beginning of the ceremony. One by one the black-robed figures that composed the circle left their places and greeted him with a grasp of the hand and a significant pressure of the forefinger thrice repeated upon his wrist. He observed in the dim starlight that each of these had three large white letters, K. K., upon the breast of his gown, and looking down he saw that he himself was robed in black, and that the same letters were inscribed upon his breast. When his brother members had a second time greeted him he was a second time blindfolded, his cap and robes were taken from him, and he was led away to a spot some distance off. Here his sight was restored and there was none with him but Teddy McIntosh, clad in his ordinary garb.

"You may now follow me," said Teddy, "and we will go back into the circle. You must not press too close upon me, however, and when I have passed the sentinel you must approach him alone, give him the grip and whisper in his ear the password you have just received from the Grand Cyclops." Obeying this instruction literally. Templeton passed the outpost without difficulty, and following his guide soon reached the group of persons he had left assembled in the open space between the cedar thicket and the foot of the bluff. Each was clad in ordinary attire, and they were sitting or lying about at will on the ground, giving heed to some one who, though standing, was addressing them in a low, conversational tone. Templeton seated himself without formality in the outskirt of the group, and soon discovered that the individual speaking was a farmer whom he had met that day at the court-house. manner was hesitating, showing that he

was not accustomed to facing an audience, and the attention given his utterances was not very flattering. He was several times interrupted, and the meeting bade fair to become a little disorderly, when a tall young man who had been sitting on a flat stone arose and in measured tones commanded the assemblage to be quiet and give heed to the speaker.

"That's Jim Blankenship," whispered McIntosh to Templeton, when the tall youth had taken his seat. "He's the best one in the deck. He takes everything in dead hard earnest, and you can see by his figger that he's cut out for a Grand Cyclops." Templeton had no difficulty in recognizing the deep voice as that of the slender individual who had addressed him while he stood in the midst of the clan blindfolded. "He's a pretty tall chap still," he replied in an undertone to Teddy McIntosh, "but he's shrunk a good deal in stature in the last fifteen minutes."

"Oh, that was in the make-up, you know," rejoined Teddy. "It's with us as it is with the gals. A heap depends on the make-up."

While this whispered conversation was going on, the farmer, a level-headed fellow, stumbled along in his talk.

"I think it's too soon for us to interfere in this matter, though I know many of our members, and nearly all outsiders, favor immediate action. The man will certainly be convicted whenever his case does get to the jury, and we'd better wait as long as there is a chance to have him legally punished. It was hasty counsel that led to the hanging of Sandy Kinchen, and if we err at all now we ought to err on the side of prudence and caution."

The speaker held the floor, or rather the ground on which he stood, for ten or fifteen minutes. Random discussion followed his speech, and it was evident the clan had under consideration a proposition to take the case of the State

versus Ankerstrom into their own hands. There seemed to be many minds on the subject, and it was hard to tell how the assemblage stood, when our friend Teddy McIntosh rose and favored those present with his views. His eloquence flowed in a torrent, and he spoke his mind with a directness that left no room for misunderstanding.

"Now here, gentlemen hobgoblins," he began, "I'd go as far as the next man on the road to caution and prudence and that sort of thing; but it does seem to me, if we're going to take a hand in this game, that now is the accepted time. Talk about the hanging of Sandy Kinchen being a rash proceeding! So it was, gentlemen hobgoblins, but who's responsible for it? Why, this here same infernal devil that brained old Granny Bascombe with a chopping-ax. Nobody but him, as I could prove before our Dreadful Ulema right now, if it was in order for me to do so. Ain't he responsible for the hanging of Sandy Kinchen? Didn't I see him hit that old gray horse as hard as ever he could? And didn't I see the old horse jump when he hit him? Wasn't it that lick and that jump that sent the nigger out of the world before you could say Jack Robinson? If it wasn't that lick, and that jump, will somebody have the kindness to tell just what it was that sent the nigger out of the world? Now here, fellow citizens and hoogoblins, you fellows just listen to me a minute. Let's treat this cross-eyed Dutchman just like he treated Sandy Kinchen. He can't complain of that, because we'd be feeding him, so to speak, out of his own spoon. one, am tired of waiting and of all this tomfoolery talk about the courts. I know the hobgoblin that spoke last is a gentleman, and I indorse all he says in a general way, but Cross-eved Tack ought to have been at the devil long ago, and we'll be much to blame, in my opinion, if we don't send him there just as soon as we can lay hands on him. Talk about courts, haven't we got a court of our own, and what's it for if it can't settle the hash of a lowflung Dutchman without any more tomfoolery about it? I hope the Dreadful Ulema will get down to business right now and order this miserable Dutchman brought out of jail, where he's eating public vittles and getting fat. And I hope the Dreadful Ulema will make me one of the party that's to cut him off from his rations and fetch him here. If so, I will obey this order of the Dreadful Ulema, as I obey every other order of the Dreadful Ulema, and I'll bring a rope along to hang the scoundrel just as soon as sentence of death has been clapped upon him. So I will, fellow citizens and hobgoblins, and all of you that know me at all know I mean just what I say." With these vehement words did Teddy McIntosh free his mind of the burden that had been weighing it down, and many of his younger friends, when he was through, congratulated him upon his effort and endorsed his sentiments.

Randolph Pearson, however, had, more than any other one man; the confidence of the clan, and he disposed of the question at issue in a few words. The time had not come, he said, for interfering with the due course of law in this matter. As yet the clan could not even afford to gravely consider such a proposition. There had been but a single continuance of the case, and they could never justify themselves if, exasperated by this slight delay, they sought now by violent means to take the accused from the proper authorities and dispose of him them-He admitted that any delay in selves. the punishment of so heinous an offender was discouraging. He hoped the time would come in Tennessee when in every county some judicial tribunal would exist that could openly try the perpetrator of a monstrous crime very soon after its commission. Then there would be no reason why any good citizen should join in a mob or countenance mob law.

Reckless and lawless persons would still resort to such methods, but good citizens. having a better method for the redress of evils, would frown upon them and mob law would no longer be tolerated. Good citizens now should strive to amend their statutes and as long as it was possible uphold the constituted authorities. Crime must be punished. Self-preservation was the first law of nature, and whenever in any very flagrant case there was an utter failure of justice through the courts, the citizens of that community had the right to protect themselves from future outrage by punishing the offenders. It certainly could not be said now that there was an utter failure of justice in the Ankerstom case. At the next term there would doubtless be an open trial, and the ends of justice would be reached without resort to illegal methods. The members of the clan should see to it that every witness was again in place when the case was called in January. Till then they must possess their souls in patience and do all in their power to calm the excitement and quiet the indignation that existed in the public mind.

When Pearson had finished there was a silence of some moments, and then Mr. Bob Lee Templeton arose and delivered a smooth talk. He said he had been very much put out indeed that day in court and had expressed himself pretty plainly in town, and on the road home. He wished to say now, however, that after listening to his friend Pearson, and turning the matter over in his own mind, he was convinced the clan would do well to heed the advice just given them. was natural to get mad, and indulge in violent talk, but the wise thing to do now was to await the further action of the He had been of different mind a few hours before, but then his angry passions were aroused. Now he had cooled down and heartily endorsed the sentiments uttered by Mr. Pearson.

The Ankerstrom question was thus

disposed of without the formality of a vote, and the discussion drifted to other matters. Many horses and mules had been stolen in the vicinity of late and it seemed impossible to get on the trail of the thieves. Suspicion at first rested on the negroes, but it soon became evident that a systematic plan was being operated by which the animals were transported entirely out of the country after they were stolen. This precluded the idea of the persistent scheme of depredations being entirely the work of negroes. If they were engaged in it there must be shrewder villains behind them, prompting them and reaping in the main the fruits of their dishonesty. The strangest thing was that immediate pursuit, as a rule, did not enable the owners of the stolen animals to discover

which way they went. They disappeared entirely, but no man could say how. It was also singular that no suspicious strangers had been seen lurking about in the neighborhood. The discussion brought out the fact that an old peddler had been lately on several farms selling cheap jewelry and such articles, mainly to negroes, but there was no reason to suspect he had any ulterior design beyond the disposal of his shoddy wares. They resolved, however, to have an eye on him, and to keep sharp lookout for all strangers and a close watch on several negroes in the locality, of notoriously bad character.

Then the clan adjourned without very much accomplished, but in better humor, on the whole, than when they assembled.

XIV

MR. BOB LEE TEMPLETON AND MATILDA THE HOUSEMAID HAVE A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE WITH A BIBLE AGENT

MR. Bob Lee Templeton, having devoted a month or two to the faithful discharge of his duties at home, concluded he had earned a vacation, and that a little trip to the Marrowbone Hills would be improving to his health, as well as consoling to his feelings. Mounting his faithful steed, therefore, he set out one fine morning in the late Fall, or early Winter, with the intention of drawing rein about dark at the residence of Major Habersham, which, he had concluded, would be a convenient stopping place for the night. As to the next stage of his journey, whether indeed there would be any subsequent stage, was a matter which he had not fully decided in his own mind.

As he pursued his way the air was bracing and crisp, the fields were all of sober hue from the touch of the frost that had dyed them a uniform brown, the farm hands were singing at their work as they pulled the ears of corn from the tall stalks, and all things combined to put the young gentleman in an excellent humor with himself and the world at When the noon hour came, he stopped and whiled away an hour or two with a farmer acquaintance, and resuming then his journey, proceeded briskly on toward his destination. steed seemed to know there was good fodder ahead and quickened its pace so decidedly that as twilight approached many familiar objects along the road informed the rider that he was nearing the premises of Major Habersham. The days were short now, and night closed in early, so that welcome lights from the windows greeted him as he rode up to the gate. He was forcibly reminded of

an evening in the preceding June, when, nearing the same premises, kindly lights from the same windows beamed on him There was this important invitingly. difference, however, that then it was Summer, and the heat required that all the windows be raised, while now it was frosty Autumn, when the windows must be closed and the curtains drawn to make things snug and comfortable; and this other important difference, that then he was a stranger, and now he was an intimate acquaintance, on excellent terms with all the dwellers on the premises, from the house dog up.

So when Mr. Templeton rode up to the gate he dismounted without an invitation and hitched his horse at the rack near by. He then pursued his way briskly along the brick pavement that led to the house and knocked at the door. Not receiving any response he knocked again, not quite so softly. Not hearing this second summons, he smote the door a third time even more vehemently, and now it was that answering footsteps were heard along the hall floor. He assumed without much difficulty a cheerful aspect of countenance, and made ready to greet a certain young lady whose custom it was to appear in person and welcome visitors to her father's mansion. When the bolt was drawn, however, and the door turned upon its hinges, there stood before him not the somewhat diminutive figure of Miss Polly Habersham, but a damsel exceeding her considerable in stature, whose face was about the color of a ripe Florida orange, and whose manners, though a trifle distant, were elegant.

When the damsel above mentioned had thrown wide the hall door and beheld Mr. Templeton standing without, she bowed gracefully and smiled condescendingly. Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, however, was a friendly fellow—perhaps a little too much inclined to be familiar on short acquaintance—and so he called heartily out when he saw

the orange-colored maiden before him: "Hello, Matilda, where's the folks?"

"They aren't here," answered Miss Matilda, accompanying her reply with a second obeisance.

"Nobody?"

"No one at all," repiled the handmaiden with a decided accent on the last syllable. "That is to say, sir, there isn't any person here that belongs here."

"That's the dickens," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, as he pushed by her and entered the hall. Then he stood and looked about him as if uncertain what to do next.

"They've all gone to Nashville, to consult a physician about Mrs. Habersham, I think, sir."

"Is she worse?" inquired the visitor, when the polite hand-maiden had volunteered this informtion.

"We cannot say she's worse, sir, and yet we cannot say, upon the other hand, that she's any better, sir."

Mr. Templeton stroked his chin, which was beardless, and made no reply.

"We have fears of her, sir," continued Matilda, "and we have hopes of her."

"That's the dickens," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"It is indeed," replied Matilda.

"Can you give me a drink of water?" inquired Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"Indeed I can, sir," replied Matilda.

Mr. Templeton drank the water and next inquired:

"Can you give me a strong cup of coffee, Matilda, and some bread and butter, and two or three slices of ham and any little jimcracks that may come handy? I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"Indeed I can, sir," replied Matildia.

"And say, Matilda, you haven't said when the folks are coming back."

"About the middle of next week, sir," replied Matilda.

"That's the devil," said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"So it is, sir," replied Matilda.

Mr. Bob Lee Templeton went into the parlor, which was a very snug parlor as a usual thing, but looked quite dull and comfortless now. He made believe to read a book for a few minutes, and fingered the keys of the piano for a few minutes, though he couldn't strike a tune. Then he flung himself down on the sofa and was lying there outstretched when Matilda summoned him to sustenance.

Mr. Templeton did full duty to the repast, and when he had nourished himself oh, yes indeed, sir; of course, sir," replied Matilda in some confusion. "We will see to it, Mr. Templeton, that you have the same room."

"If there's any trouble about it, Matilda--"

"There isn't any trouble about it at all, sir," replied Matilda. "There isn't the least trouble in the world about it, sir, only, sir, there's another person in the room."

"Another person in the room?" said



Sketch by M. L. Blumenthal

sufficiently he again addressed the handmaiden.

"I suppose I take the usual room upstairs, Matilda?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; that is to say, sir;

Mr. Templeton in some astonishment,

"Yes indeed, sir; so there is, sir. A very nice old gentleman in the room."

"Why, I thought you said there was nobody at home?"

"There is no one at home, Mr. Templeton," replied Matilda, evidently laboring under some embarrassment. "That is, sir, no one that belongs here, sir; none of the family, sir. And you know the rules of the house, Mr. Templeton; and you know how very strictly I always adhere to the rules of the house when the establishment is left in my charge; but, sir, this is such a nice old gentleman, and such a pious old gentleman, and such a well-behaved old gentleman in every way that I thought it right to let him stay all night, and I thought it right to put him in our nicest bed-room."

"What's his name?"

"That I cannot tell you, sir, because it's a foreign name, and it will take a foreigner to pronounce it. But he was a good Christian man among the Turks, I think he called the people, and they used him very badly, and killed about half his family, and he's now selling bibles to get money to bring the other half over here, sir. He's a very nice old gentleman, sir, and a very pious old gentleman, and has very agreeable manners."

"Has he gone to bed?"

"No, sir, he's just gone out to walk a little and muse," said Matilda tenderly, "upon his melancholy situation. He'll

be back presently."

"Well, Matilda," replied Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, being a whole-souled sort of a fellow, "you did quite right to take this unfortunate stranger in and to give him the best room in the house. As for me, you can stick me anywheres. I shall sit up until the old gentleman comes back, and have a talk with him. I've no doubt I shall be highly entertained; for I have long wished to know something of the Christians in Turkey."

After so long a time the old gentleman came in, having consumed an hour or so in strolling about over the premises, musing upon his melancholy situation and smoking his pipe. He soon proved himself to be quite an entertaining old

gentleman, and succeeded in making himself understood more readily than Mr. Templeton expected, seeing he was but recently over from a foreign country. His gestures were as eloquent and significant as those of a deaf and dumb man, and he had picked up a few words of English with which to supplement these when it was necessary to make out the sense. Altogether, the little old man managed to convey his meaning clearly enough, and what with motions of the hands, scraps of language, and expressive changes of countenance, he told a tale that aroused the compassion of the sympathetic Mr. Templeton, as it had previously done that of Matilda, the housemaid. Such atrocities as the cruel Turks perpetrated upon good Christians in the land beyond the seas Mr. Templeton would hardly have conceived possible and indeed would not have credited if the story had been told by other than an eye-witness, and a very earnest and truthful eye-witness at that, such as the old gentleman undoubtedly was. When the old man, somewhat wearied - for he had come afoot -retired to his room, Mr. Templeton meditated a while by the fire, and then addressed the housemaid as she was passing.

"That's a nice old man, Matilda."

"It is indeed, sir," replied Matilda.

"He has seen sights in his time."
"He has indeed, sir," replied Matilda.

"How many bibles did you subscribe for, Matilda?"

"Only one, sir," replied Matilda.

"Put me down for five," said Mr. Templeton.

"Indeed I will, sir," replied Matika effusively. "For if ever there was a nice old gentleman, as you say, sir, I think sir, it's this old gentleman. And if ever there was an old gentleman, sir, which has had calamities befall him, I'm quite sure, sir, it's this old gentleman. I'll go upstairs right now and tap at his door and tell him to put you down for five. The money is not to be paid until

he comes back with the bibles, which shows to my mind that he is a very honest, straightforward sort of a person."

"It does indeed," cried Mr. Templeton." "It speaks well for him."

"Such misfortunes, sir, as have come upon the old gentleman!" continued Matilda. "Why, sir, it's enough to make a person's blood boil to hear him tell of the troubles he has seen through those heathen Turks."

"Sho-nuff, Matilda?" ejaculated Mr. Templeton.

"Yes indeed, Mr. Templeton, su-r-r-e enough," replied Matilda, rolling the "r" over her tongue as genteel folks invariably do. "And to think, sir, of the great sorrow that's weighing him down on account of having members of his own family still over there at the mercy, as one might say, of those heathen Turks! Did you say five, sir?"

"Six," responded Mr. Templeton promptly.

"And say to the old gentleman, Matilda, that the binding may be of his own choice."

"Oh, sir, that is kind."

"And say, Matilda."

"Yes, sir."

"The old gentleman, you tell me, came afoot, and is no doubt a little short of funds. Hand him this ten-dollar bill, Matilda, with my compliments, and request him to place the amount as a credit upon my subscription."

"Oh, thank you, indeed," replied Matilda, bowing. "Oh, that is very nice of you, I'm su-r-re. The good Lord will be certain to reward you for your noble behavior, and I'll not forget, sir, to mention the matter to Miss Marie."

With these comforting words Matilda hastened upstairs to inform the old gentleman of Mr. Templeton's generous subscription, and of his thoughtful cash installment thereon.

I defy anyone to do a meritorious act upon this earth without being immediately being repaid for it in the solace

such righteous conduct will bring to his soul. Mr. Bob Lee Templeton had been fretting, as we know, during most of the evening, over his hard luck in not seeing any of the Habersham family after his long day's ride with that special object in view. Now, however, a feeling of content stole over him as his fancy conjured up the vision of a grateful old man setting down his subscription of six bibles and pocketing the advance payment of ten dollars on same. When he retired to rest, his mind pursued the grateful train of reflection thus aroused, and his sympathies went out toward all the unfortunates upon the earth wheresoever they might be. He bethought him - Mr. Bob Lee Templeton did-of the great difference between his own worldly condition and that of the poor old bible-vendor, roaming a fugitive from his far-off home. How strange it was, he said to himself, that divine providence should turn the cold shoulder, so to speak, on many deserving people in this life and bestow comfort and happiness on others far less worthy. And how ungrateful and unbecoming, - said Mr. Bob Lee Templeton to himself-was the behavior of that man who, having this world's goods and seeing his brother in need, shut up his compassion for him. Then, naturally, Mr. Templeton indulged in the comfortable reflection that his own case was not by any means the one just depicted, but quite the reverse. he fancied the surprise and gratification of Miss Polly when his meritorious conduct came to be reported to her. his pleasing fancies and his consciousness faded away altogether and he fell asleep.

Mr. Bob Lee Templeton was a young man who usually resigned himself to the arms of Morpheus as soon as he sought his couch and remained there contentedly until some one shook him or the breakfast bell rang. On this occasion he slumbered even more deeply than was his wont, for he was tired from his long

day's ride. After a while he was startled by such a rapping at his door as would have aroused one who had gone to bed dead drunk and was snoring off his intoxication.

Opening his eyes wide, Mr. Templeton saw it was broad daylight, and, springing out of bed, he recognized the voice of Matilda, keeping excited accompaniment to the constant rapping she maintained at the door.

"Oh, Mr. Templeton, sir; wake up, if you please, sir. Something has happened, sir, that I was not in the least expecting. Indeed, sir, there has, and the nee-gros on the place are all in a state of dreadful excitement over the matter. It is a very strange thing that has happened, one that I was not in the least expecting; sir, not in the least, sir."

"What's up with the niggers?" inquired Mr. Templeton, throwing the door open as he spoke; for having leaped into his trousers he considered himself now fit to receive company.

"Oh, sir, it isn't the nee-gros at all. It's a great deal worse than that, sir. They have stolen your horse, Mr. Templeton."

"My horse?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. And more than that; they have stolen Miss Marie's horse, too—the one with the blaze face they call Lightfoot."

"Well, damn the luck!" exclaimed Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, for he wist not

what to say.

"Yes, indeed," replied Miss Matilda. "I say so too, Mr. Templeton. And that isn't all, sir. You know the nice old gentleman you ordered the five bibles from? Well sir, he's up and gone, sure as the world; and not a soul has the slightest idea when he left the house or which way he went."

"What, left in the middle of the night, without saying a word to anybody?"

cried Mr. Templeton.

"That's just exactly what he did, sir. And I can't help thinking, sir, and saying, that his conduct was a little strange."

"He's an infernal old humbug," asserted Mr. Templeton, tying his shoes hurriedly as he spoke.

(To be continued)

MAY IN IOWA

By Oscar Johnson

THIS is the sweetest time of all the year;
The air is cocl; with clouds of silver sheen
The skies are flecked, and lovely and serene
The golden sun shines down, while sweet and clear
The glad birds sing in fields and woodlands near;
Beneath one's feet the grass grows fresh and green,
And in the fragrant woods the violets lean,
Their blue eyes wet, perhaps with many a tear
Of crystal dew. The sunny woodland bowers
Are full of joyous sounds: not birds alone
Make music there, but cattle roam about
In dell and hollow, and the silver tone
Of bells is heard, and children picking flowers
Beneath the spreading branches laugh and shout.

AN ANGLO-SAXON REVOLUTION

THE TREMENDOUS SIGNIFICANCE, FOR THE WHOLE RACE, OF THE ELECTION OF TWO SCORE LABORERS TO THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT—MIGHTIEST OF THE MANY PORTENTS OF A COMING GREAT EVENT—FEW OF THEM ARE DOCTRINAIRE SOCIALISTS, BUT ALL WILL FAVOR PROGRESSIVE APPLIED SOCIALISM, STEP BY STEP AND NO STEP BACKWARD

THOSE among us, here in America, who believe organized labor should abandon the strike—a barbarous, mediaeval weapon which cuts the hand that holds it quite as badly as the foe at whom it is aimed — and should go into politics to gain the ends it seeks, are encouraged by the late parliamentary election in Great Britain. Various reports of this election and its meaning have come to us, none in which the tremendous facts are writ so large and clear as in the report by W. D. P. Bliss, published in Collier's Weekly. Mr. Bliss' article is reproduced here by special permission of the editor of Collier's, Norman Hapgood. Frank Putnam

THERE have just been elected to Great Britain's Parliament nine miners, seven railroad men (engineers, brakemen, navvies), five factory-hands, four printers, three shopclerks, two carpenters, two gas-workers and general laborers, two steel-smelters, two shipwrights, one barge-builder, one sailor, one cooper, one furniture-maker, one watchcasemaker, one laster, one blacksmith and one agricultural laborer. These men enter today the great hall of William Rufus, and sit, many of them in workman's dress, as successors to Hampden, Pitt, Fox and Gladstone. No more important or significant event has been flashed across the wires from England in fifty, perhaps in one hundred years. It is doubtful if any more significant event has occured in the world during the same period. By the Franco-German War, the Spanish-American War, the Russo-Japanese War, it has been determined that the Anglo-Saxon race shall rule the world; by these English elections it has been determined who shall rule the Anglo-Saxon race. These English labor men have come to stay and to bring others with them. They are not the result of any ministerial crisis or passing wave of political excitement. The dissolution of Parliament and the downfall of

Mr. Balfour's ministry may indeed have pierced the hole in the dikes of English conservatism, but these events are not responsible for, nor the creators of, the ocean of England's labor that is pouring through the opening. These English labor men are not French Communards, Russian Nihilists not even German Socialists. 4 They are Anglo-Saxons; they belong to the race that does things, that does more than it says, that achieves, that moves slowly, but when it does move, moves forward, and that, once having occupied a position, has never been known to move backward. These are the men who will be each year more in evidence in Parliament than they are today. Read their names; it is worth while. They are not Latin, nor Gallic, nor Slavic, nor Germanic, nor even Norman. They belong to the race that conquered the Norman conquerors of Hastings. There are among them, it is true, representatives of Wales, of canny Scotland, of the Emerald Isle, but the overwhelming majority are Saxon-English, even more than they are Anglo-Saxons. Here is the list we add a few who are practically identified with them, though not themselves actually labor men: Abraham (a Welshman), Alden, Barnes, Bell, Bowerman, Brace, Broadhurst,

Burns, Burt, Byles, (notice the monosyllables), Clynes, Cremer, Crooks, Duncan, Edwards, George, Gill, Glover, Hall, Hardie, Henderson, Hodge, Hudson, Jenkins, Johnson, Johnston, Jowett, Kelley, Macdonald, Macpherson, Maddison, Nicholls, O'Donnell, O'Grady, Parker, Richards, Richards, Richards, Roberts, Rowlands, Shableton, Scott, Sedden, Snowden, Steadman, Summerbell, Vivian, Walsh, Ward, Wardle, Wilkie, Williams, Wilson, Wilson, Wilson — fifty-five names. There is no doubt about the racial instincts and the English heredity of these men. The list makes one think of John Ball's rebellion and Jack Cade's revolt. It is Eng-

lish to the very core.

And be it remembered that these - not have been, but are - English working men. They have been elected exactly because they are working men. In congress, in house and senate, you will find men - attorneys, railroad men, millionaires - who began life as working men. You will find such instances in the legislatures of every country. But, in the United States especially, such men have ceased to be working men. They are ex-working men. They have, as we say, "risen above their class." Many of them are now the worst foes of labor that can be found. Not so with these English labor representatives. They are not ex-working men. They have been elected as working men, by working men, for working men. They have not "risen above their class." They have risen with their class. This is the significance of the election. They are taking and, above all, they are going to take their class along with They are going to take other working men with them into parliment, on to the front benches, into cabinets, into ministries, They cannot be into prime ministries. stopped. John Burns in the Liberal Cabinet is more of a symbol of what shall be than a sign of what is. He is more indicative than Campbell-Bannerman. The English dikes have been pierced and the ocean is flowing There is an ocean of votes behind these labor men. There are at present somewhat more than two and a quarter million trades unionists in Great Britain, most of them voters and all going to vote tomorrow. That would be the equal of four and a half million trades unionists in the United States. Moreover, vast numbers of working men in England who are not in the trades unions are quite as politically alive and often more radical than the trades union members. Seventyseven per cent. of Great Britain's population is engaged in manufactory, commerce, or in personal labor. If some of these are of, or vote with, the employing class, it will be more than balanced by the agricultural laborers who are beginning to vote with the workmen of the town. No wonder England's worshipers of things as they are stand aghast at the prospect of things as they will be in

England.

Be it remembered, too, that circumstances make fifty labor men in parliament vastly more significant than eighty social democrats in the German Reichstag or 115 socialists of various types in the French Chamber of Deputies. The fifty labor men in parliament are but the beginning of a movement which must move increasingly fast. growth of German and French socialist votes must be increasingly slow. The reason is that in every country except England there is a large, unprogressive agricultural vote, which socialism finds it difficult to capture. In Germany, thirty-seven per cent. of the population are engaged in agriculture or fisheries; in France forty-four per cent.; in the United Kingdom it is only fifteen per This means that English working class interests are unified and solidified as perhaps in no country in the world. English working man is growing self-conscious beyond any metaphysics of German Marxism. It is English capitalism, vested interests and a more concentrated land monopoly than in any country of the world that is producing this result. The "bitter cry" of London, of Newcastle, of Lancashire, of York, is more bitter than in any country where labor has learned to have any voice at all. It is England's aristocracy that is driving English working men into parliament as their last resource.

But these labor men will know how to get hat they want. They have had, the most what they want. of them, a life training and a personal evolution almost startling in what it reveals of personal power and intensity of purpose. John Burns, thirty-eight years ago, was a lad in a candle factory, earning a few shillings a week, and spelling out an education at night by the light of his flickering lamp. Today he is a cabinet minister at a salary of \$10,000 per year. Keir Hardie, forty-two years ago, was in the coal-pits at the age of seven, never having a day's schooling in his life. Now he leads the Independent Labor Party. William Crooks, who startled England two years ago by carrying Woolwich for labor at a bye-election, spent his early boyhood in the cold wards of an English poor-house. George Nicholls worked till his nineteenth year as an agricultural laborer, and then tramped England as a navvy, looking for work. Alfred Gill sold papers in Lancashire at the age of seven. William Hudson has been a

railway guard for twenty-six years. Will Thorne, the first simon-pure socialist to be elected to parliament, worked as a boy in the brick fields. Thomas Burt was a "trapper" in the Northumberland mines J. R. Clynes. was a mill boy. William Abraham worked in the pits at ten and continued there twentyone years. J. R. Edwards was in the coal-pits at nine. T. Glover was in the pits at It is astonishing how many of England's labor leaders served apprenticeship in the mines. J. Robertson, one of the more fortunate, did not enter the pits until eleven. G. Wardle worked in a factory at eight. J. R. Macdonald's parents were agricultural laborers. Today he is secretary of the Parliamentary Labor Representation Committee. J. H. Seddon was a grocery clerk. Steadman was a barge-builder. P. Summerbell was the son of a miner and began work in a grocery. Stephen Walsh was an orphan and educated in an industrial school. liam P. Cremer began as a shipbuilder; in 1903 he received the Nobel prize. John Ward was an English navvy at twelve. John Wilson's father was a day laborer and began work in the mines. Such were the beginnings of at least three-quarters of these men. Today they sit in the most coveted seats in England, from which they have ousted, most of them, sons of peers or inheritors of millions. They have done it, too, by hard personal work. It is doubtful if in the whole number there is one who owes his success to any accident of birth or favor of social position. They are of necessity picked men, the pick of English working men, picked by their own efforts and strong with the strength begotten of success. Most of them have labored long at their respective crafts. They know the situation. They have thus been chosen, almost all of them, as leaders or hardworking secretaries of their trades unions. They have organized strikes and conducted agitations. They have presided over labor congresses and served on innumerable committees. Very many of them have had legislative experience on county councils, or as aldermen in city halls. Often they have met with employers as equals on arbitration boards or as representatives of the employes. These men will not be turned from their purpose by Liberal attorneys or Conservative Primrose Leagues. They are not all socialists. Very few of them are doctrinaire socialists. But almost to a man they will favor constructive, step-by-step, evolutionary socialist measures. They will all move in one direction, and usually together. In demanding public ownership, at least of municipal natural monopolies, in voting for the

state employment of the unemployed, for radical land reform, for old-age pensions, trades union legislation, educational reform, they will vote as one man. And many not of their party will vote with them. most labor measures the eighty-one Irish nationalist votes can be counted. Similarly England's labor men almost unitedly will favor Home Rule for Ireland. It is little wonder that astute English observers predict that in two years local parliaments, friendly to England's parliament, will sit in Dublin and Edinburg. The only question is how long England's House of Peers will continue Thus far the wily peers have been to sit. able to defy a slightly divided Liberal and Conservative House of Commons. It will be another thing with a united House of Commons accustomed to pushing loaded coal trucks and to driving wheels of steel. There will be erected on the Thames embankment no guillotine presided over by Kier Hardie; no dynamite bombs will be nor need be thrown, but more radical things will soon be doing in parliament than beside the Seine, the Elbe, or the Neva. It is an Anglo-Saxon revolution.

It is consequently well financed. The Labor Representation Committee collects thirty shillings per year for each one thousand members connected with societies or unions affiliated with the committee and one penny from every member for the parliamentary fund. Paying sixpence per year (twelve cents), English trades unionists could send 240 members to parliament and pay each \$1,000 per year. The money will not be wanting for every labor man elected.

Will this election affect America? The editor of a great New York daily declined to give much space to the details of the English elections. He said: "What does New York care that a few English laborers have been elected in England?" This shows that the editor does not know New York, nor understand his business. New York is not indifferent to the most important political event of the Anglo-Saxon world. If there are those who do not realize this, an editorial leader should point it out. The differences between a republican and a democratic victory, between English liberals and conservatives, is as nothing compared with the significance of the appearance for the first time in either England or America of an organized political party to stand for labor as opposed to capital and privilege. The former parties stand for differences that are fading from human thought. Labor and capital politically arrayed stand for a cleavage that may go to the very bottom of existing society.



ARRANGING CUT-FLOWERS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard
GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

TO the true flower-lover much of the pleasure from them is secured by their use as cut flowers in all sorts of places, for all sorts of decorative purposes and the hints here given will be along the line of easy and effective ways of arranging them, rather than descriptive of any finished effects.

The petals of many flowers, like the lily and the fleur-de-lis, are so fragile that it is almost impossible to handle them, after they are fully open, without breaking; if cut before the petals begin to curve outward and allowed to finish expanding after they are arranged, this risk is entirely obviated.

Very few flowers look well when massed closely together in the style of arrangement which leaves the blossoms loose and natural in appearance the stems must be held in some way. When using opaque receptacles, paper, moss, or almost anything may be tucked in among the stems to support them and prevent the blossoms from lopping over on one side, or on all sides.

For use with glass receptacles having wide tops, a circular piece of wire netting is a great help. Any dealer will cut it to a desired size, leaving a few wires on each side

to be bent into hooks and caught over the edge of the glass. This is practically invisible if allowed to drop a little below the edge of the receptacle; and by putting the stems through the meshes of the netting they are kept separated and the flowers remain as arranged.

Pansies, violets and other flowers having large and heavy heads, in proportion to their slender stems, are hard to arrange in any kind of receptacle without something to hold them in position; the best thing I ever have found is a sponge. Get a large one and soak it in water until fully distended, then cut away one side until it is perfectly flat. Round the remaining surface to a symmetrical shape, stick it full of meat skewers and let it dry.

When wanted, pull out the skewers and put the stems of flowers in the spaces; set the sponge in a plate of water (flat side down) and after it has absorbed the water, add more and tuck in a few leaves and blossoms where needed to hide the sponge or plate.

In using flowers that are produced in spikes, umbels or other compound forms, it often is advisable to sacrifice part of the blossom. To illustrate: the immense blossoms of the hardy hydrangea seem little suited for use in making wreaths, crosses, anchors or other pieces where the flowers must lay close to a flat surface; but by cutting away the florets on one side until a flat sur-

face is obtained they may be used as easily and effectively as any flower known, and have the very desirable qualities of filling space rapidly, and keeping fresh for a long time.

When possible, use the natural foliage of the plant (and plenty of it), for no other greenery will give the artistic effect secured by using that with which nature surrounded the blossoms.

Nearly always the finest effects are gained by using but one kind of flower, and always by making the vase subordinate to the flowers.

A vase may be beautiful in itself, but if its lines and coloring are not in harmony with the flowers put into it, the effect can never be artistic, or pleasing to a cultivated taste.

COOKING AND SERVING CELERY

By Katherine E. Megee
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

A SIDE from its use as an appetizer, the dietetic value of celery is pretty generally appreciated, yet few housewives are aware of its culinary possibilities, both alone and in combination with other foods, which, while affording the change so agreeable to the palate, in no wise detract from the food value of the plant.

Below are appended a few choice recipes for cooking and serving celery:

ESCALLOPED CELERY: Wash, scrape and cut two bunches nicely bleached celery into half-inch lengths, then drop into boiling water slightly salted and stew gently five minutes; drain well, reserving one-half cup of the liquor. Put this over the fire together with one cup cream or rich milk and two tablespoons butter. Bring to a boil, thicken with two tablespoons flour moistened with a little cold milk; cook smooth, season to taste with salt and white pepper, then pour over the celery. When the mixture cools, stir into it two beaten eggs, and pour the whole into a buttered vamequin, cover with grated bread crumbs, dot with bits of butter and stand in a hot oven until set and nicely Serve hot without re-dishing. browned. At the last moment before sending to the table sprinkle grated cheese over the top.

CELERY PUREE WITH POACHED EGG: Chop one bunch fine celery into small pieces, then stew gently in one pint chicken or veal stock. When tender, press through a purée sieve, return to the fire and boil rapidly until reduced to a cup and one-half. Then stir into it half a cup of sweet cream and a large tablespoon of butter; boil up once, then thicken to the consistency of cream with flour moistened with a little cold milk; cook smooth, then season to taste with salt and white pepper. Poach the required number of eggs, arrange on small hot plates for individual serving and pour the purée around them.

CELERY PATES: Wash clean, then cut into small lengths a sufficient quantity of nicely bleached celery. Stew until tender in boiling salted water; then drain, reserving one-half cup of the liquor, to which add the same quantity of cream and two tablespoons butter. Put over the fire, boil up and thicken with one tablespoon flour. Pour this sauce over the celery. Have ready paté-shapes baked empty, fill them with the mixture and brown in a quick oven.

CELERY LOAF: Chop fine a sufficient quantity of celery to measure two cupfuls; stew tender, then cover with a sauce made of one cup milk, two tablespoons each of butter and flour with salt and pepper to season. Stir well, then add two beaten eggs or a cup of minced veal or chicken. Turn into a buttered mold, stand in a pan of hot water and bake in a rather quick oven. When done, unmold on a hot platter, garnish with fringed celery and serve with tomato sauce.

(To fringe celery, cut the white stalks into three-inch lengths, then draw each end back and forth several times through three or four coarse needles stuck in one end of a cork.)

CELERY AND APPLE SALAD: Cut the white portions of a bunch of well bleached celery into half-inch lengths. Pare and cut three tart, nicely flavored apples into dice. Mix with the celery. Wash and crisp one head of lettuce and arrange for individual serving; pile little mounds of celery and apple in the leaves and dress with salad dressing. This salad must not stand long before serving, as the apples turn dark when exposed to the air. Nuts may be substituted for the apples, using twenty English walnuts for each head of celery, reserving a dozen meats for garnishing. Or the celery may be used alone, in which case double the quantity will be required.

CELERY SOUP: Cook one pint of celery, chopped very fine, in one pint cold water, salted to taste, until soft enough to mash;

then rub through a colander. Bring one and one-half pints milk to a boil; add the pulped celery and one-half teaspoon minced onion. Simmer fifteen minutes, then thicken with one tablespoon flour blended with two of butter. Cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Season to taste with salt and white pepper.

SCHOOL GARDENS

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard
GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

WE talk about arranging flowers and often forget the many who have none to arrange and would not know the most common sorts by name if they saw them; but, fortunately, the sad lack of knowledge and enjoyment along this line is being brought to the public and a widespread interest is the result. To become interested in such a subject is equivalent to trying to better conditions, and among the many plans being put in operation that of the "School Garden" is destined to be the farthest reaching in its results, and destined to achieve those results quickly because of the fact that when a child is interested he will see to it that everyone interested in him shares in that interest.

This work has grown, in a very few years, from the school garden where a love for beautiful surroundings was taught through the work, to thousands of home gardens where both flowers and vegetables are grown from seeds sold to the school children at a

penny per packet.

In order to have the children do their home work with an intelligence which will insure the success necessary to a continued interest, they are taught the work in gardens belonging to the school, where the enthusiasm of numbers working together adds to

the interest.

As a means of promoting interest in the school garden idea, as well as furnishing a text book for use in the work, Mr. H. D. Hemenway (director of the School of Horticulture, in Hartford, Connecticut) has published a little book entitled "Hints and Helps for the Young Gardeners," in which he shows every step of the way, making plain even such little things as the right and the wrong ways of spading soil and the many other little things which the beginner needs to know, whether his years number seven or seventy.

In a perfectly simple way Mr. Hemenway

makes plain the "how-to-do" side of growing flowers or vegetables in the house or in the open ground; in a large garden or in a soap box; in Winter or in Summer; in shady or in sunny places, and in many instances illustrates the idea by pictures of school children doing the work described. These pictured lessons are so plain that any child gets the idea at the first glance.

This book not only shows working methods so plainly that any teacher may, by its help, start such work among his pupils, but by showing how garden work tends toward the physical development of the children; how the turning of back-yards (often filthy ones) into little gardens helps the sanitary conditions, as well as the looks, of an entire neighborhood, and the many other ways in which the work reaches out and betters the conditions of life where they most need bettering, he makes every reader want to help start the work or give it aid where already started.

The price of this little book is so small (\$20 per hundred) that any board of control can put it into the hands of every pupil, and at the same time inaugurate a system of gardening in the school which will do more

good than can be estimated.

THE USEFUL ICE-CREAM FREEZE

By Frank E. Channon
BETHESDA, MARYLAND

WOMEN sometimes get some good ideas. I don't say that patronizingly. I simply raise my hat and make the statement. Here is an idea that occured to my wife back last Summer, and one that proved itself a great success. We had just moved out from the city to a three-acre piece of land and like most "town farmers," we wanted to make our three acres give us everything. One of the first things we intended to be independent about was our butter. We had bought a good Jersey and she was giving us nearly three gallons a day, so we had lots of cream, but hadn't bought a churn. Said my wife:

"What's the matter with the ice-cream

freezer?"

I said I had never heard of butter being made in that utensil. She said that didn't matter; she didn't see why it shouldn't, so we poured two quarts of nice, rich cream into the freezer and turned the crank. Well. to cut a long story short, the cream became butter—at last, but it was a long trip—nearly two hours.

The fact that the butter did "come," however, set me thinking, and now, — well, now, I wouldn't swap my big ice-cream freezer as a butter producer for the best churn on earth. With it, I will undertake to bring butter any day in fifteen minutes; that is, if I take care of the cream up to the time of churning. This is my plan:

I churn twice a week-Tuesdays and Saturdays. If the weather is cool, I keep on the side of the stove a big two-gallon crock. Into this I pour all the cream that we don't use, and allow it to sour. If the weather is hot I allow it to sour away from the stove. On churning day I take my big freezer and empty the contents of the crock into it. In the place where the ice is generally packed, I pour a couple of quarts of very cold water, right from the well. Some days when it is very hot, I chop off a bit of ice and throw that into the water; but in cool or cold weather I have no trouble. simply turn the crank and in anywhere from ten to fifteen minutes I get butter - and fine butter, too.

I have never churned with a proper butter churn in my life, but people tell me that very often it takes much longer than this.

It may be that elsewhere other people have caught on to the freezer idea, but around this neighborhood I seem to be the first one. Try it; give the idea a fair chance and you'll not be disappointed.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the Mational Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUB SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF TRIB OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

FOR MEALY BAKED POTATOES

By MRS. S. E. SMITH Valley Junction, Iowa

Cut a snip off the end of potatoes before placing in the oven to bake. The steam escapes and leaves the potato mealy.

TO GROW FINE CAULIFLOWER

By HARRIET L. SISSON Unadilla, New York

Use wood ashes plentifully on old garden soil and you will have no trouble about your cauliflower heading, providing you purchase good seed. It is equally good for cabbage.

BOILED CHESTNUTS

By G. Redding, Connecticut

A valuable discovery made recently is a comfortable and even elegant way of eating boiled chestnuts. A bit of shell is pared from the larger end of each nut before boiling for twenty minutes in salted water; they are then eaten conveniently from the insinuating tip of a coffee spoon — chestnuts on the half-shell, as it were, properly accompanied by a draught of sweet cider. With a small, sharp knife, a quart of chestnuts can be prepared for boiling in ten minutes or less.

GROWING STRAWBERRIES IN A BARREL

By MRS. E. C. ROCHEFORD Brighton, Washington

If you live in the city and have a limited space for gardening, and wish to grow strawberries, you can grow them in the following manner. Take a barrel, fill with good, rich soil after boring holes all around the barrel with a two-inch auger, having the holes about eight inches apart each way. Set a plant in each hole and you can either grow strawberries at the top of the barrel or you can have a few flowers. The berries will be perfect and clean if you keep them well watered.

TO FRESHEN MATTING

By MRS. F. M. Fullerton, California

Dip a mop into water to which salt has been added, wring almost dry and mop up the matting. This keeps matting much better than simply sweeping it well.

OPENING A FOUNTAIN PEN

By RALPH BURNS Anoka, Minnesota

If your fountain pen is stuck so you cannot unscrew it, wrap a small rubber band tightly around the nozzle or pen part. This will give you a grip on the pen that will nearly always fetch it. If you cannot get it to come off by using the rubber, try putting a little powdered rosin on the fingers. I have never known the rosin to fail; but it is rough for the hand.

Rosin on the hand will always fetch a tight watch case or any other smooth, screw-joint article.

A GLUE HINT

By V. M. B. Tiashoke, New York

A teaspoonful of saltpetre added to a large pot of glue will effectually prevent it from smelling bad; besides, it causes the glue to dry faster and harder than it would without the saltpetre.

THE ART OF MAKING SOUPS

By E. S. C. Chicago, Illinois

It is said that ten or fifteen years ago soup was served in very few American homes, while now it forms an essential part of every well-regulated dinner.

Soup has its place at the beginning of dinner, for a reason, not a fad. It is a valuable appetizer, acting as a stimulant rather than a nutrient, and being quickly assimilated, prepares the way for the dishes to follow.

Gouffe says: "Beef broth is the soul of domestic

cookery." That is, it is the essence that is to pervade the body of the dish, giving character and atmosphere without substance. But to get that "soul" out of the formula, beginning, "take a shin of beef," has proven a difficult problem to many a housekeeper and a seem-ing impossibility to more than a few cooks. Edward Atkinson said in the beginning of his well

known directions on how to prepare and cook food: "Take one part of gumption and one part of food." Gumption simmered gently with the "shin of beef" will produce beef broth, but gumption brings a high price on the market of commodities nowadays, and is often lacking at any. The demand for marketable gumption has brought into being a substitute for home-made beef broth, in the form of Armour's Extract of Beef. With a jar of solid, or a bottle of fluid extract at hand, the cook has, without time or trouble, and with ordinary or even less expense, the "soul" of her cookery at

Thin, poorly flavored, watery soups are never satisfactory and are actually wasteful, but such need never be served if the right use be made of the materials. Pea, bean, com, tomato, vegetable and grain soups of all kinds, can be prepared of the left-overs of canned and fresh vegetables, if properly combined with stock made from Extract of Beef. In such cases recipes can act as suggestions only, for the ingredients must vary with the exigencies of the larder. The proportion of Extract, however, remains the same.

When a clear soup, such as bouillon, rice or sphagetti is to be made, take one teaspoonful of Armour's Solid Extract of Beef to every quart of water. When used for purees, bisques and those soups with substance or bodies to them, take one-half, or even at times all that is required is one-quarter, teaspoonful of Armour's Solid Extract of Beef to every quart of water. Soups that have a stock of their own require but one-quarter teaspoonful of Armour's Solid Extract of Beef to give

the desired meat juices and flavor.

The exact measurement of the required seasonings can rarely be given, for adaptation is one of the nece sities. Add salt until the soup is "bright-tasting" but not suggestive of sea water; pepper to the brink of pungency, giving the tone of warmth, not a burning

FOOLING THE CAT

By MRS. J. M. Nadeau, Michigan

If the cat needs medicine, don't try to force it down her throat or mix it with milk. Smear it on her sides and she will lick it all off clean.

CHOPPING RAISINS By JENNIE S. HERON

Canastota, New York

Always when I put raisins through the chopper they come out all sticky and lumped together. I find that by first washing the raisins in cold water before putting them through the chopper, they come out free and in fine condition to use, not adhering in masses as

SAVES LABOR AND DIRT

By H. P. Worcester, Massachusetts

To save the taking up of ashes, we have an arrangement which we would dislike to be without. In the bottom of our range we cut a hole in which a three-inch galvanized iron pipe is inserted. This leads into a brick pit directly underneath in the base-ment, which holds two cart-loads of ashes; so it is necessary to have them removed only once a year. As our grate is moderately fine we never have to dump it, thus saving the disagreeable work of sifting the ashes.

FRESHENING DUSTY CARPETS

By MRS. J. M. GIFFORD Whitewater, Wisconsin

In the early Spring and Fall before house-cleaning time has arrived, the carpets often look so dusty that the housekeeper is in despair. When this is the case let her take a basin of water in which a little ammonia has been dropped, and after she has wrung a cloth out and wiped off the floor, she will be agreeably surprised, as the carpet will look as fresh as when first put down and keep clean much longer than it otherwise would.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW

By MRS. S. M. NEEDHAM Sardis, Mississippi

Every country housekeeper knows the enormous waste from the lard supply in "cracklings" in the old way of "drying up" lard at hog-killing time. The new way turns all the fat into lard. Cut the fat from the skins, free it from all lean particles and bloody shreds, and where there is only a small quantity to be rendered mix the leaf lard with the other fat. Wash first in Wash first in quite warm water and rinse twice in cold water, put it on the stove in closely covered vessels, stirring fre-quently until the fat is boiled perfectly done and tender. Have ready some good, home-made, sound wood-ash lye, strain from all sediment and add half a teacup of the lye to each gallon of the fat, first removing it from the fire to cool somewhat or it may boil over. Return to the fire and cook gently. If the fat is thoroughly done it will soon be reduced to a creamy consistency—the fat entirely dissolved. Cook the lard uncovered after the lye is added. When the lard is done it will be perfectly clear with a very thin, brown, gummy scum on top — no cracklings at all. Remove this scum and let the lard remain on the stove at the scalding, but not boiling, point for two or three hours. Pour into perfectly dry, hot earthen jars—holding only one gallon each is the best size. Let it cool uncovered and then cover closely and keep air-tight. Keep in a cool, dry place. I prefer to keep my lard in small ves-sels because only the small quantity is exposed to the air while using, the bulk of the year's supply remaining air-tight, and in no danger of becoming rancid.

IDEA IN TURN-OVERS A NEW

By MRS. I. W. St. Joseph, Missouri

When my husband's linen collars are past wearing I put them in hot water and rub the starch out; then I peel off the outer linen pieces, hemstitch them, and put them on bands for my little girl to wear with school frocks. These turn-overs are easy to make launder beautifully, and wear as long as those made of new linen.



Note and Comment By Frank Putnam

WE haven't a king to rule us in the United States, but we have the federal supreme court—in office for life, and not responsible to the people—which is a very effective substitute for an absolute monarch.

Precisely as Hamilton and the other monarchists in the constitutional convention intended, the federal judges are steadily advancing their own prerogatives-unmaking good laws enacted by congress and signed by the president, and making new, bad laws by pretending to read new meanings into the constitution. Always these laws slain by the federal court are laws that were demanded by the people - the incometax law was an example; always these usurpations of the federal courts are in the interest of the too-rich and the too-powerful - witness the countless injunctions forbidding workmen to exercise their "natural and inalienable" right of free speech for self-preservation.

Everybody knows now that the federal senate is made up mainly of railroad and other trusts' lawyers; what everybody apparently does not yet know, or realize, is that the System—organized preda-

tory wealth—is now relying more on the federal courts than it does on the senate. The System long since found it cheaper to elect senators than to buy them after election—so it dismissed the lobby and seated its agents in the senate. Now that the senate seems likely to be abolished for its crimes, the System will be found more strongly intrenched in the federal courts than it ever was in the senate. It will make its last stand behind the one bulwark of genuine absolutism possible under our government—the federal judiciary.

The people may purge the senate of its trust lawyers, may regain control of it for a time, but it is, in its nature, a denial of the safety of really popular government; and I predict that this people will in due time, perhaps a very short time, cut it out of their governmental system entirely. As long as we retain the senate, we so notify the world that we dare not trust ourselves to enjoy really free government; that we feel the need of guidance by a house of overlords, who shall have power to deny us our desires, whenever, in their opinion, we ought so to be denied. This means,

in practice, whenever our desires conflict, gent public opinion concedes, and is with those of the overlords and their amoving to a position where it will be master—the System.

able to guarantee to every man and

The house of representatives, having to go back to the people every two years for reelection, can always be forced to obey any really widespread public demand; and, if Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln were right, if we as a people really have enough justice and humanity and common sense in our brains to govern ourselves, then the quicker we cut out the house of lords and simplify government by putting it into the hands of a house of direct representatives who must answer to us every two years for what they do in office, the better for us all around.

My own belief is that time spent in tinkering the senate will be time wasted—that instead of moving to have senators elected by direct vote of the people, we would do better to move for the abolition of that body. It will be just as difficult, and just as easy, to do one thing as the other. Thirty states must ratify either proposition before it can be added to our federal constitution, and the System will make a mighty fight to beat the movement in the twenty-ninth and thirtieth states, you can depend on that.

As to the System's last stronghold, the absolute federal courts, we'll have to amend the constitution, making these judges elective and for limited terms. If we don't need any house of lords, we surely don't need any absolute monarchs.

A big job? Certainly. But there's no lack of time to do it in, and our sons and daughters can take it up where we leave off. (Our daughters must have the ballot and be taught how to use it.) The main thing is to know where you want to go, and why, then get started.

STEP by step, cautiously, timidly, mankind comes out of its native jungle. Today, in every civilized country, intelligent public opinion concedes, and is moving to a position where it will be able to guarantee to every man and every woman, the right to a job whereby life can be sustained decently and in comfort.

The only way in which society can guarantee this right is by owning and operating a sufficient number of industries to give such jobs to all who are unable to get them in private employment. The cruelest spectacle in the world is that of the individual-man or woman-eager to work for a living, to feed and clothe helpless dependents, to render a useful service to society-and unable to get work to do. None but the ignorant or the malicious will deny that there are many such cases in every country, even during what are known as the most prosperous periods. There are tens of thousands of them in this country today, and other hundreds of thousands whose work yields them less than enough to sustain life decently and in comfort.

The first industries to be taken over will be those which are essentially public in their character—the steam and electric highways, for example, and those other industries which in private hands have been so monopolized as to levy extortionate tribute upon the masses of the people.

England, where most of the workingmen are engaged in manufacturing, and are therefore closer to each other, better able quickly to spread the new ideal of the duty of society to its members, will lead us in the new socialization of industries. Our farmers, comparatively isolated, most of them, and most of them landowners and therefore quick to doubt the virtue of any scheme to socialize property now held by individuals, will perhaps be slower than our city-workmen in adopting the new idea. But they will take it up, soon or late; and when they do, they wili put it through in their usual thorough and workmanlike way.